Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 69.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 29, 1905 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Irene Vanbrugh

Who, together with Miss Ellen Terry, will make her reappearance in London at the Duke of York's Theatre, on April 5, in the new comedy by Mr. J. M. Barrie

No. 69.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"Doctor Silex. By J. Harris Burland. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"The Old Cantonment." With other Stories of India and Elsewhere. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Siren's Net." By Florence Roosevelt. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Golden Pool." A Story of a Forgotten Mine. By R. Austin Freeman. (Cassell and Co.: 6s.)

"Till the Sun Grows Cold." By Maurice Grindon. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"A History and Description of French Porcelain." With 24 plates in colours, together with reproductions of marks and 48 black and white plates. By E. S. Auscher. (Cassell: 30s. net.)

"For People who Laugh." By Adair Welcher.

"What Do We Know Concerning Electricity." By Antonia Zimmern, B.Sc. (Methuen: 1s. 6d.)

"French Correspondence: Social and Personal." (Nutt: 1s.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

March 29, 1905

The movement for the feeding of starving school children is gaining fresh adherents every day. Dr. Macnamara, who raised the question in the House of Commons last week, was himself at one time a schoolmaster, and knows quite well the semi-starvation that exists among children attending elementary schools. No one can avoid noting the deterioration in physique among the working-class population, as a whole, during recent years. It is well known that this is greatly attributable to the want of sufficient food. It is a serious matter, and a remedy must be found. At the same time, there is another side to this question. The working classes, generally, are exceedingly thriftless. If the nation, they reason, which now educates their children free of charge, will also feed them—so much the better. It is more money in their pockets. There is no reason, too, if the State is willing to act *in loco parentis*, that their children should not be clothed at the State's expense, and, before long, we may be asked to lodge them as well.

* * *

So long as you have the average irresponsible working-class father and mother, who have no objection to bringing large families into the world, if they are not called upon to maintain them, so long the problem will remain. We have before now spoken out strongly about the decadence of the working class. The gin palace, and, even more acutely, the small bookmaker — as was abundantly testified to by Mr. Henry, the Chief Commissioner of Police, last week—are the parasites who fatten on the thriftless tendencies of the working man. We hear a great deal about distress among the working classes, but we say that a respectable working man, blessed with average intelligence, rarely finds himself unable to obtain a job. It is the "rotters," in the vast majority of cases, who whine about no work, agitate with flags in Trafalgar Square, and neglect to maintain their offspring.

* * *

Nevertheless, it is not right that the innocent children should be the sufferers. Indeed, for our own protection, it is better that some effort should be made to feed them; neglected children, left to roam the streets, half starved, and with an apology for a home, eventually become the individuals who fill our prisons. A non-party Bill is to be introduced this week, which, we trust, will receive general support. It will empower local authorities to supply necessitous children attending elementary schools with food, the cost, when possible, to be recovered from the parents.

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING

Benevolent J. B.

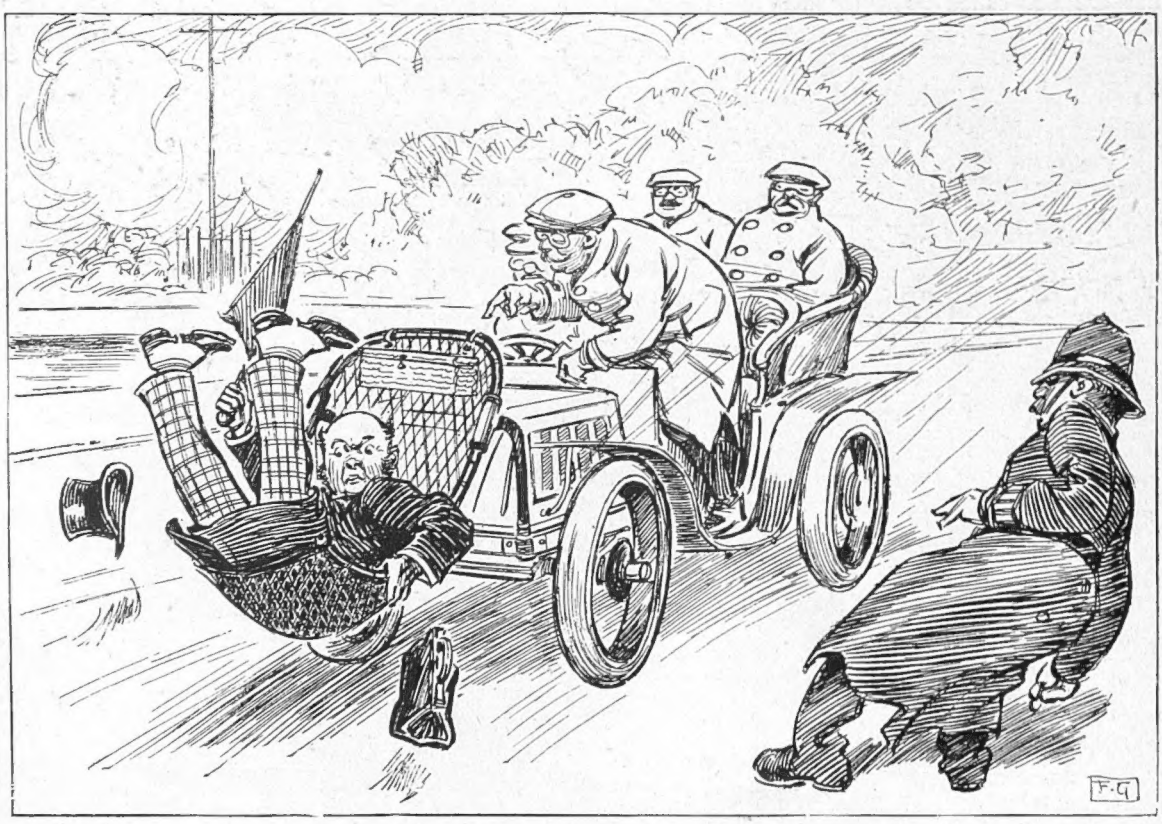
"Poor little kiddies! If their parents can't—or won't—feed 'em—hang it all, *I* can't see 'em starve"

The Edalji Case

THE HOME SEC.: "Did any one speak? Who are you?"
VOICE FROM BELOW: "I am THE TRUTH! Haul up!"
THE HOME SEC.: "Dear me, it would be most embarrassing to drag you into the light of day just now. I am afraid you must stay where you are"

These parents, we trust, will be called to strict account, and when it is found that, through improvidence, they have neglected to support their children, they will be punished in such a way that they will hesitate to waste their earnings with the "booky," or at the "pub," until they have fulfilled their obligations to their family and the community.

The Home Secretary had a question addressed to him last week on the subject of the Edalji case. He was asked, whether, in view of the general dissatisfaction as to the conviction, he would agree to allow a revision of it? The right honourable gentleman replied, that he had given it his fullest consideration, and saw no reason to interfere with the cause of



THE LATEST MOTOR NOVELTY IS A PEDESTRIAN CATCHER—A FURTHER SUGGESTION

"Sorry—can't stop—you'll find a cigar and a whisky and soda in the basket above your head"

DRAWINGS BY FRANK GILLETT

justice, unless new facts came to light. The reply was, of course, the stereotyped official one, for, doubtless, Mr. Akers-Douglas has, personally, no more knowledge of Edalji's guilt than he had of Adolf Beck's innocence. Does the Home Secretary know that while Edalji was in prison, several further offences, of the very nature for which he was convicted by a Bench of magistrates, were committed by some person or persons still at large? What right, moreover, have the authorities to allege (as they do allege) that they have evidence in their possession which has never been divulged, and to refuse the defence egress to it? The action of the Home Office is opposed to the very first principles of British justice. Mr. Labouchere, whose journal, *Truth*, has published very able articles on this case, in which several new facts have been brought to light—all in favour of the prisoner, it may be added—would be doing a greater service still if he would further interrogate the Home Secretary. A miscarriage of justice is bad enough, but when it is bolstered up by mysterious talk about a secret *dossier*, containing evidence never produced at the trial, the matter concerns every one of us.

* * *

A good many people have written to us, protesting against the articles we published on the subject of the Torrey-Alexander Mission. Some say that our commissioner, Mr. Archibald Marshall, betrayed bias; others, that he attended at the Albert Hall in an unrighteous condition, determined to find fault. Others, again, consider that to attack a religious mission, on any ground, is unjustifiable. We selected Mr. Marshall for the task of describing the way this much-advertised mission is being conducted, because we knew we could depend on him for an impartial report, and we do not think that there was one single conclusion he arrived at, which was not amply justified by the facts he gave in support of it. We have no wish to play the part of captious critic to the work Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are doing. If good work is being accomplished, even if the means seem blatant and vulgar, it may be said that the end justifies the means. At the same time, we should like to remark that, though there is plenty of room for social reformers in London, neither Dr. Torrey nor Mr. Alexander, with their present methods, will do, we believe, much good to the people whom they want to convert. Forcing audiences to sing, willy nilly, is merely absurd, if it is intended to convert them by this means. Dr. Torrey's addresses are calculated to appeal to the level of the meanest intelligence, but such will not affect anybody but the weak minded. At all times, a strong reformer, who will tell his audience plain truths, is the man whose work is really needed. A man of the world, who will show the working man what a fool he is to bet, who will tell the petty tradesman that to cheat his customer out of a few pence is bad business; a man who will preach that self-reliance is the royal road to success, and that happiness comes of making others happy: this is the kind of missioner we want. Dr. Torrey tells us that it is sinful to dance, and holds out dreadful threats of an Israelite Hell, in which nobody, nowadays, believes!

Skitaletz Andrejew | Maxim Gorky Schaljapin | Bunin | Teleschoff | Tschivikoff

The Seven Leaders of the Russian Revolutionary Movement

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

The Grand Duchess Anastasia

It is a daring proceeding on her part, but Anastasia, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has lately had the temerity to stand up against the Kaiser. In this wise: The Grand Duchess has a charming villa at Cannes, and was anxious that her future son-in-law, the Crown Prince, should stay with her there during the Nice Fêtes des Fleurs. This delightful prospect pleased the Crown Prince and his fiancée, the Duchess Cecilie, infinitely, but the Kaiser objected, for various reasons, principal among which was the possible fear of a hostile reception on the part of the French Nationalists. On the other hand, the Grand Duchess contended that the Riviera is too cosmopolitan to apprehend any *contre-temps* of this nature. However, Kaiser Wilhelm sent very peremptory instructions to the Grand Duchess, which *Truth's* Paris Correspondent gives as follows:

The meeting of the Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilie is to take place at Florence.

Under no circumstances are they to stay at the same hotel.

They are to follow a programme drawn up by the Kaiser.

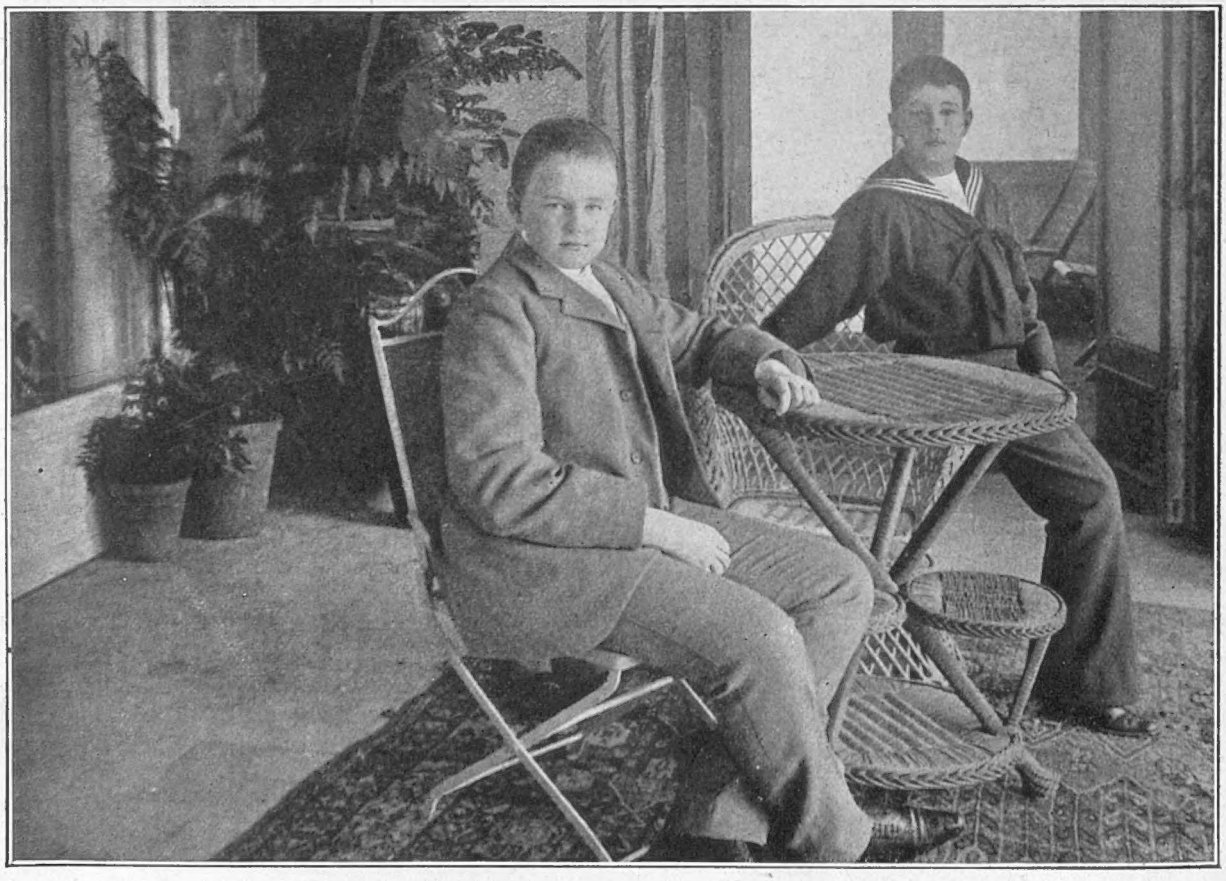
The Grand Duchess is to accompany her daughter.

The Grand Duchess bristled up at this. She was not an Hon. Colonel in any of his regiments, and, as the widow of a sovereign of an older house than the

Photo by *Otto*

The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

Mother of Duchess Cecilie, the fiancée of the Crown Prince of Germany. The Grand Duchess has lately been at loggerheads with the Kaiser



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Prince Felipe, the young Crown Prince of Portugal (in the foreground), and his brother, Prince Emanuel

Interest at the present moment is centred in the Portuguese Royal family owing to the visit of Queen Alexandra. The young Crown Prince of Portugal is seven years older than Prince Edward of Wales. It is probable that one day they will be reigning monarchs together

A Countess Who Has Turned Socialist

Hohenzollerns, it was tactless and *gauche* of the German Emperor to dictate to her as though she were some paid servant. Not that Her Highness wrote this. A rupture, and the cancellation of the engagement between her daughter and the Crown Prince, would be playing her cards very badly. It is something to be mother-in-law to the future Emperor of Germany. So the Grand Duchess fell back on the excuses which always pass muster with her sex: fell ill; telegraphed that she was too indisposed to go to Florence, but had named the Baron and Baroness von Maltzan to chaperon Mademoiselle. On the third day, the Grand Duchess Anastasia not having yet arrived, the Crown Prince, who had to report faithfully to his papa everything that occurred, had to wire the news. By return he received immediate instructions to send back Mademoiselle to her mamma, and to return home.

The marriage has not been broken off, but the date has been postponed. As the Princess Cecilie will one day inherit a fine fortune, the Emperor has been conciliated, but it is quite expected that the Grand Duchess *mère*, who is not blessed with the most pacific of temperaments, will find plenty of other occasions to squabble with that aggressive, if charming, individual, the Kaiser.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ada Crossley

The famous contraltro, who is engaged to be married to Dr. Muecke, of the London Hospital

Miss Crossley's Engagement

One is able to congratulate Mr. Francis F. Muecke on his engagement to Miss Ada Crossley with a greater degree of sincerity than is usual in similar cases,

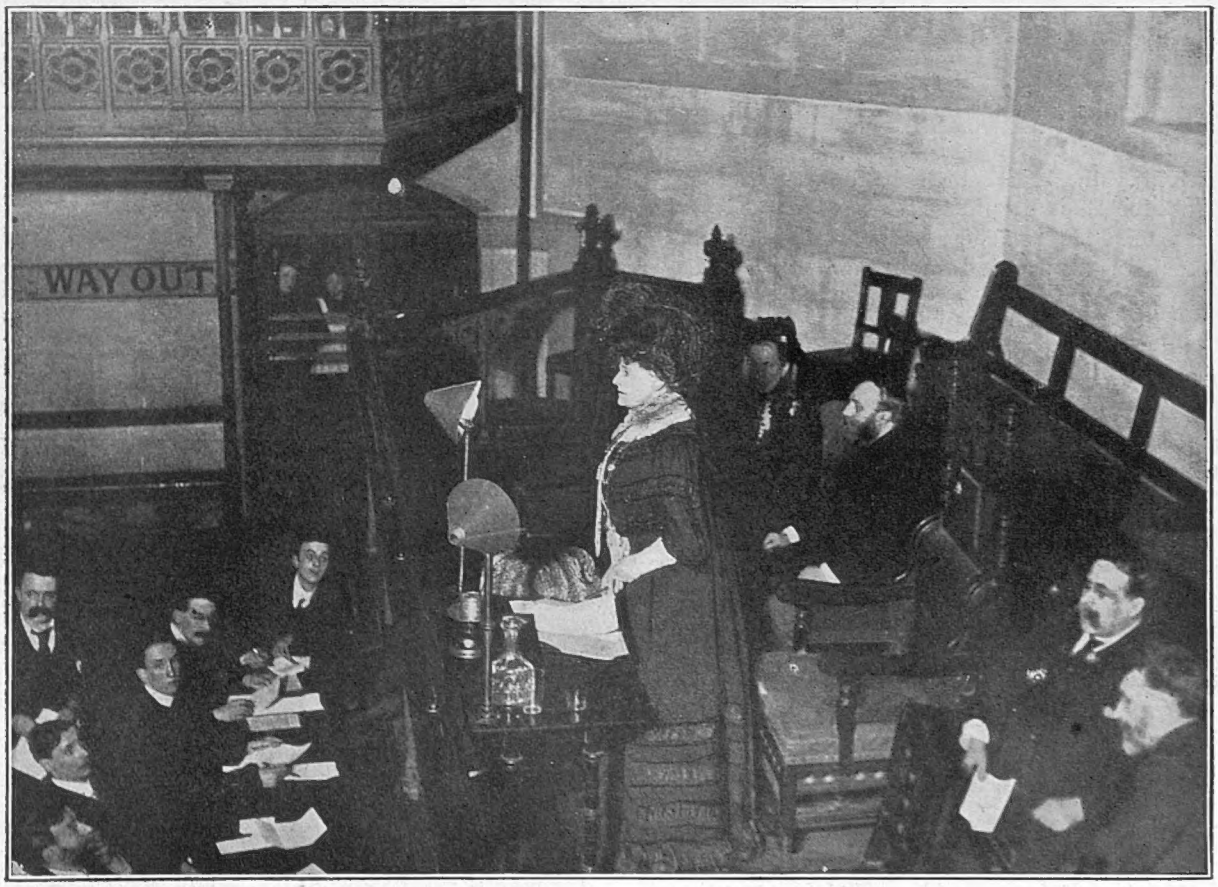


Photo by *Parke*

The Countess of Warwick addressing a Socialist meeting in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street

Seated on the platform, to the right of the Countess, is seen Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the well-known Socialist lecturer and writer, who is the leader of the English Socialist Party. Lady Warwick is pursuing, with great ardour, her work in the cause of Labour. She recently gave an emphatic contradiction to rumours that she intended to abandon her motor tour through the country to visit constituencies which were supporting a Labour Candidate

The Only Parsi Editor in London

inasmuch as the marriage will not mean her retirement from the concert platform. We have not so many contralto singers of premier rank—they can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand—that we can afford to lose one of them. Miss Crossley

Photo by *Seaman*

Mr. N. M. Cooper, a Parsi editor

Who has recently started a monthly paper devoted to the interests of the Parsi community in London

and Mr. Muecke are both Australians by birth, and Mr. Muecke is at present engaged at the London Hospital. He is almost as noted in the world of athletics as his fiancée is in musical circles.

Lord Rosslyn's Wedding

Lord Rosslyn, in taking a bride from the stage, is following custom, for it is, as an actor, that he makes his chief bid for fame, and it is well known that actors in most cases choose their wives from among the members of their own profession. The astute Mr. Charles Frohman was the first manager to realise the drawing powers of an actor peer. The appearance of Mr. James Erskine on the boards in America, created quite a mild sensation, although it was rather a disappointment to the public to find that the titled histrion was very much like the rest of the company, in that he could act. A public, whose daily diet is sensation, would have preferred something a little more grotesque and out of the common from a member of the aristocracy. Lord Rosslyn figured less prominently in the newspaper world. At one time Editor of *Scottish Life*, he had an engaging habit of offering the post to his friends and acquaintances. There are several men now toiling along the plains of journalism, who look back with regret upon a time when they so nearly succeeded in reaching the dizzy heights of editorial grandeur.

A Parsi Editor in London

Mr. Nasarvanji Maneckji Cooper, who has recently started a monthly, devoted to the interests of the Parsi community in London, is a well-known young Parsi, of Bombay. After finishing a course of education at the Bombay University, Mr. Cooper joined his father, at the early age of nineteen, as assistant headmaster of the famous Fort High School of Bombay, of which his father, Mr. Maneckji Cooper, was the founder and principal. In 1892, Mr. Nasarvanji Maneckji Cooper first proceeded to England and the United States of America, to get an idea of the way in which the publishing business was carried on in those countries. His paper is called *The Parsi Chronicle*, and Mr. Cooper

Photo by] **Canon Cotter** [*Hughes and Mullins*

Who has just been appointed Auxiliary Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth

holds the record of being the first Indian to start and publish a journal in the United Kingdom.

A New Roman Catholic Bishop

The new Auxiliary Bishop of Portsmouth, the Right Rev. William T. Cotter, is already well known in the neighbourhood of the town which gives the Diocese, to which he is now Auxiliary Bishop, its name, for he was, till recently, Rector of St. Mary's, Ryde, Isle of Wight. While holding this post, he was also Financial Secretary and Treasurer for the Diocese, a position of great responsibility, and one which, of course, made him familiar with all the practical affairs of his new ecclesiastical kingdom, which includes Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, Berkshire, and the Channel Islands.

A Famous Spanish Dancer

La Guerrero at the Palace

La Guerrero, the beautiful Spanish dancer, who on Monday last roused an English audience, at the Palace Theatre, to a creditable state of enthusiasm, has had many previous triumphs on the Continent and in America. On her début, four years ago, as a girl of twenty, she had the experience, not unknown in the profession, of playing an engagement for one consecutive night, as the humorists have it. It was a trial performance at the Nouveau Cirque, and so great was her success, that Marchand, who was in the audience, immediately secured her for the Folies Bergères, where she appeared the next evening as Carmen. The morning after, the critics made the most amiable remarks about her histrionic talents, while lay members of the playgoing faculty raved about her beauty. Proceeding later to America, La Guerrero became the idol of the playgoer, the sartorial model of many a millionaire's wife, and a godsend to the hysterical journalist. It is not recorded how many times she lost her jewels, but, unlike some of the members of her profession whose fame shakes the Western hemisphere, La Guerrero

Photo by *Hall*

Senorita Guerrero

The famous Spanish dancer, who has just opened an engagement at the Palace Theatre

LORD ROSSLYN'S WEDDING

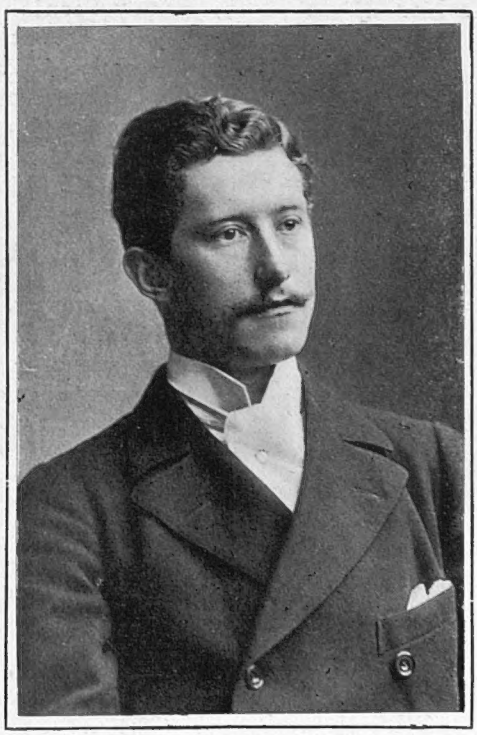


Photo by *Russell*

The Earl of Rosslyn

As Mr. James Erskine, Lord Rosslyn is well known on the stage in England and America

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

The Countess of Rosslyn

Formerly Miss Anna Robinson, an American actress who has played in London under the managements of Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and Miss Kingston

A Parisienne who Reads the Future

has them to lose, the value of them, it is stated, being sufficient to build and equip an opera house.

Madame de Thebes

Whether one believes in *clairvoyantes* or no, one thing about Madame de Thebes is certain (writes our Paris Correspondent), and that is her extraordinary intelligence, and intellectual superiority over the crystal-gazer of the ordinary sort. Disdaining, as she does, such art or artifice as the crystal, Madame de Thebes, who has reduced hand-reading to a science, consents, occasionally, to read the future, after a method of her own, a method which consists in close examination of the lines upon the hands of prominent men and women of the countries upon whose destinies she gives pronouncement.

How she arrives at her results I, a mere layman, will not pretend to say, but some of these results undoubtedly are very startling. To cite but one instance: Madame de Thebes, in conversation with a Paris journalist some weeks before the postponed Coronation of King Edward VII., announced a serious illness for our King, and that, from the examination of his hand, of which she owns a plaster cast, and close examination of an enlarged photograph.

Of photographs, Madame de Thebes has an enormous number, and many of them are inscribed with flattering autographs, the mere mention of which would be extremely indiscreet.

In Paris, the vogue of Madame de Thebes, though, as she says herself, her imitators have done her a great deal of harm by spurious science and resultant misinformation, is very great, and many of the society women, aye and the men too, of the Ville Lumière are regular visitors to the Pythoness.

Of pythoness there is but little in her personal appearance. A handsome woman, in age somewhat past the meridian, she looks far more like a comfortable *bourgeoise*, a teacher of music, say, who has retired on her profits, than like a reader of the mystic future. She has no superstitions, she will tell, except one, and that one is a strong belief in the peculiar virtues of the elephant. In her prettily furnished flat, everything that can be elephantine—I use the word literally, merely, and by no means with the wish to imply a want of grace or lightness—shows us the "wisest of the beasts," as Madame de Thebes calls him, in his counterfeit presentment. There are elephants holding lamps, elephants as little tables, elephants of ivory, of precious stones, of glass, elephants everywhere, in every nook, on every bracket, and in every corner, and Madame de Thebes herself invariably wears at least one elephant upon her watch-chain, or some other portion of her dress.

But, nevertheless, she tells you, she is anything but superstitious, and that belief in cards is merely foolishness.

Photo by *Boisonnas and Taponier*

Madame de Thebes, the famous Parisian clairvoyante

Disdaining crystals and such devices, Madame de Thebes, who has a great vogue in Paris, reads the future after a method of her own

Photo by *Window and Grove*

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Sir Henry Irving's leading lady

Miss Wynne Matthison is seen in the illustration as she appeared in the old miracle play, *Everyman*, a rôle in which she scored a great success in England and America. At Easter, Sir Henry plays a farewell season at Drury Lane, where some of his great successes will be revived

Random Jottings

The New Strategy

Military critics seem doubtful as to how Russia is going to carry on the war. Why, it is asked, is the Tsar recalling his Generals, and at the same time sending out fresh troops? The reason is clear. The Russian Government reckons that these troops, as they fall successively into the hands of the enemy, will, of course, have to be fed. A daring experiment, but one that may yet cost the Japanese dear.

Pardonable Failure

Concerning General Kuropatkin's recall, there is only one thing to be said. No man was ever set a greater task with less encouragement. If he had succeeded, he would have proved himself the greatest of living Generals. He has not proved that. But then, most other generals, given the same opportunities, would not prove it either.

The Jam that Wasn't

Without fear or favour, Mr. Arnold-Forster is going to deal with that matter of the War Office jam. Excellent! But is it courage or the dispassionate mind that is required? Is it not, rather, the intelligence of a Sherlock Holmes, or of the people who solve breakfast-table problems? Let us place it in problem form:

W (a War Office) buys millions of 1 lb. tins of jam from C (a Colony). C avows, through X (agents-general or general agents), that the 1 lb. tins contained the normal amount of ounces of jam. Who, then, is responsible for the fact that the 1 lb. tins, when opened, contained only 12 oz.?

The answer is, obviously—Nobody. It must have been evaporation, or a jam-eating bacillus. Bacilli will eat anything.

The Awakening of Educational Interest

The reproach sometimes cast upon us that, in educational matters, we are apt to lack enthusiasm, has been largely discounted during the past week. Newspapers of every shade of opinion have recorded the efforts made to dislodge Miss Aspinall, the former schoolmistress of Shelton, Notts, from the school-house, of which she has taken unlawful possession. Nor can the popular interest in this scholastic controversy be ascribed to the fact that the lady bears a similar name to the enamel.

MARY ANNE: "Master says 'e ain't got any old clothes to give yer, but 'e sent yer this"

CADGER: "Garn! 'e oughter know better. Does 'e think I'm going to walk abaht in a frock coat and a bowler 'at?"

Matters for Thought

Again, education has been before the country in another form. Ought teachers to insist upon boys being sent to our National schools in collars? Upon the proper solution of this question much depends, and a police sergeant has been deputed to enquire into it. The further question—as to whether children should be fed before they are taught—or, at any rate, some time during the same day—is also of considerable interest. But that has been referred to a Committee.

A Highly Respectable Mullah

No doubt, since an English General has expressed his satisfaction, it is all right about the Mullah settling down on his own territory under Italian protection, and becoming an exemplary citizen—in a silk hat, as likely as not, and a golf collar—with a gramophone to beguile the weary hours. This reformation will save our soldiers from having to make many an expedition, and our designers from having to invent many a medal. It will be all in the interests of Peace and Art.

A Vanishing Race

Yet a little regret at the passing of so picturesque a figure is excusable. The Mullah has cost us two and a half millions. He belonged to a roll of International nuisances, which is getting a small one now. The qualifications needed for it are growing very rare. A previous Mullah or two passed the test. So did the Dowager Empress of China. President Castro is a hot candidate.

THE HUMOURS OF BOAT RACE DAY

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE

PROFESSOR PODGER: "Did I hear you call me 'German Sausage' just now?"
SMALL BOY: "No, sir, 'Cambridge Sausage'"

DRAWN BY A. G. PIRKIS

Some Liberals would inscribe the Sultan of Turkey. Leaders of men—with their hearts in the wrong place—is, perhaps, the only description common to them all. That, and the fact that in their lifetimes they have called forth the prayer which most men only get on their tomb-stones—"*Requiescat in Pac*."

For the Fastidious

More than anything else, luxury makes for reaction. It used to be thought that one of the main purposes of a hotel was that people could get a meal there without cooking it. In New York's latest *hôtel de luxe*, however, there is a separate kitchen for the benefit of the fastidious guest who likes to bring his private *chef* and do his own cooking—and to pay handsomely for the privilege, presumably. The idea is a simple one, as all ideas for the fleecing of the millionaire are. But it is not likely to stop here.

The Week-end of the Future

No, the hotel proprietor of the future will bring things up to date. He will have a plot of ground—within easy reach of the theatres—and, perhaps, the framework of a building. The fastidious guest will be expected to bring his bricklayer, his paperhanger, and upholsterer, his glazier, his plumber, and, possibly, a professional man for fixing a lightning conductor above his little suite of rooms. Should it rain while these experts are fixing up things, it would be a nuisance. But most millionaires can afford a camp-stool and an umbrella. It will be an ideal way of spending a week-end in town

Alone and Unaided

The notion that England knows little of her strongest and bravest sons has been amply confirmed of late by the *Daily Mail*. "In arresting a drunken navvy at Edenbridge," says that journal, "Police-constable Horton had to withstand the opposition of a mob of 200 men."

The Coming Millennium

Our forefathers used to consider the world only a few hundred years old, and going to the dogs at that. We talk lightly of a million years, both before and behind us, and face the prospect cheerfully. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that our scientists do. Nothing terrifies a scientist. One looks forward with pleasure to a clock that will go for a million years, unwound and not even cleaned, though what will become of the journeyman clock-winder in the meantime nobody knows.

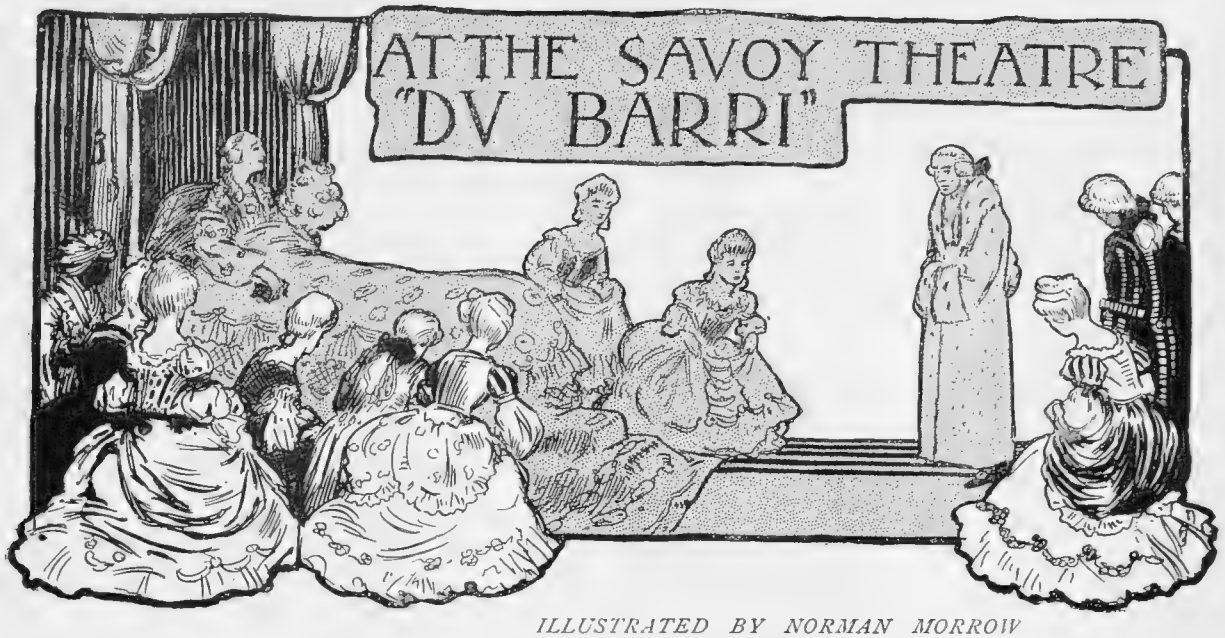
All Birds

Another scientist, Professor Williston (of Chicago University), has cabled that by the end of the same period the human race will be annihilated, and birds will have become the dominant types. What kind of birds is not mentioned. A few American eagles, we imagine, and, perhaps, a good many geese.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

England v. Scotland at Richmond: The fight for the wooden spoon

England get the worst of the play on the touch-line about mid-field. As everybody now knows, Scotland won by one goal and a try to nil, and thus England is the winner of the International wooden spoon, or, in plain English, is bottom of the list



ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Comment on *Du Barri* naturally falls into two parts. Gratitude, to Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare for the gorgeous spectacle which they have presented to us, and wonder, that Christopher St. John's version should so seldom touch our interest.

The spectacle on the stage explains the witty title—(Over)—Du(e) Barri—conferred on it by our lively contemporary the *Referee*. Small wonder that so magnificent a production bred delays. Only a writer on feminine fashion, with a strong bias towards art, could adequately describe the wonderful confections made up of combinations of colour with permutations of fabric. No less than forty characters, each with something to say, ruffle it upon the stage. Such nods and quirks and pirouettes; such tapping of jewelled snuff-boxes; such waving of hand-painted fans; such airs and graces of exquisites; that the eye is almost wearied with the shimmering elegance of it all. In this brave show, the play fared but indifferently. The very quality of artifice which made a scenic triumph marred the dramatic interest.

Mrs. Brown-Potter as an assistant in Mme. Labille's shop; afterwards the famous "Du Barri"

A Tame Adaptation

The adaptor never comes to grips with his, or rather her, subject. The players, with one or two exceptions, do not succeed in presenting clearly limned characters. This want of general purpose makes for weariness. In the English version, the story is conventional in the extreme. There must be shades of meaning in M. Jean Richepin's version which are lost in transcription. We know that the famous bedroom scene is weakened by the fact that the concealment of Prince Rohan takes place "off," to suit the delicate susceptibilities of the English public. The foundations of the original play must have been weakened in other spots, for the English version is tame in the extreme. The play is best expressed in terms of pageantry, and it is as a spectacle that it will make its strongest appeal to the public.

Concerning the Players

Mrs. Brown-Potter is not very consistent in her rendering of Du Barri. At the end of the performance, we have no very clearly defined picture in our mind of the famous courtesan. The smirking, irresponsible child, who played with the people's millions, is occasionally lost in the woman of good instincts longing for a strong man's love. Such a character as Du Barri is a combination of many moods, but she must have predominant characteristics. These lights and shades of character ought to set off the real woman. Mrs. Brown-Potter gives several aspects of Du Barri, but each seems to present a different woman. Mr. Gilbert Hare is a more picturesque, than a convincing, Louis XV. He is an interesting figure to look at, but when off the stage he is forgotten. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, as the Abbé Terray, affords a striking contrast to the rest of the gay assemblage by the nonchalant manner

Principal Characters in "Du Barri," at the Savoy

Mr. Herbert Ross
Duc de Richelieu

in which he comports himself, but one questions whether, in an artificial age, an Abbé would have been quite so matter-of-fact and subdued in his demeanour.

Anglo-French Accents

The English race are not distinguished by the perfection of their French accent, but they know the difference between a good and an indifferent pronunciation, although their own be none of the best. The gentleman playing the lacquey, who does most of the announcing of the guests, blundered sadly with the titles, and he is not above the suspicion of saying "moosoo."

The piece abounds with lines of which the humour is fortuitous. Thus, Louis XV., on his first entrance, clears the stage with, "Gentlemen, I can dispense with your services." It is difficult to stifle the suggestion that the audience might very well do likewise, as the crowd have not been very serviceable in promoting the action of the piece. On other occasions, Louis bundles off the crowd with expressions of equal import and equal lack of ceremony, so that the wicked thought obsesses one that the adaptor can take his crowd off only by bringing Louis on.

E. C. S.

Mr W. L. Abingdon
Jean du Barri

Mr. A. Holmes-Gore
Prince Rohan Rochefort

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre: *A Man's Shadow.*—Revival of a powerful play.

Adelphi Theatre, at 8.20: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—The last week. Then H. B. Irving's *Hamlet.* "Shakespeare now spells ruin to the dramatist." New reading of an old saw, by Alfred Sutro.

Imperial Theatre, at 8.15: *Monsieur Beaucaire.*—Revival of popular costume play.

St. James's Theatre, at 8.30: *Mollentrave on Women.* At 8: *A Maker of Men.* At 10.30: *How He Lied to Her Husband.*—A pretty strong bill, eh?

Haymarket Theatre, at 8.25 and 9.25: *A Case of Arson* and *Everybody's Secret.*—Sweet domestic play, with a dear child in it.

Criterion Theatre, at 9: *The Freedom of Suzanne.*—Last week. Then Marie Tempest makes a flying trip to America.

Wyndham's Theatre, at 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—On the first night there were fierce controversies on probable run of this play. The pessimists look like losing bets.

New Theatre, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* Travelling steadily to 100-night mark.

Garrick Theatre, at 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—The foundations were very well laid.

Strand Theatre, at 8.30: *Off the Rank.*—Willie Edouin as a comic repertoire.

Apollo Theatre, at 8.15: *Veronique.*—Most tuneful and artistic of all the musical shows.

Musical comedies at Gaiety, Vaudeville, Lyric, Prince of Wales'. Take them in order.

Mr. William Devereux
Lebel (Confidential Valet to Louis XV.

Mr. Gilbert Hare as Louis XV.

In "Du Barri" at the Savoy

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

From Abroad

CARING FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE JAPANESE TOMMY ATKINS

Like his brother of the West at the time of the South African War, the Japanese Tommy Atkins has "left a lot of little things behind him." Many mothers, who, before, were living in comfortable circumstances, have been compelled to seek employment. Large numbers have gone to the factories which have sprung up, mushroom-like, in all the big cities, for the purpose of turning out biscuits, tinned commodities, and clothing for the troops at the front. In some cases, where the work can be done by women, employers have allowed the wives to take the places of the husbands, in factories and large manufacturing establishments. At first the very young children were placed in charge of the *oba-san*, or grandmother, as is always done when the Japanese mother has to go shopping, or to any place where to carry the baby in the orthodox fashion on her back would be inconvenient. But as many of the mothers, from whom the breadwinner has been taken to join the colours, have large families of young children, and as some of the grandmothers have also been compelled to take up employment, a scheme was started by some of the wealthier Japanese for the provision of day nurseries where the bairns might be "left until called for." There are now, several of these delightful institutions in different parts of Japan, a number of ladies having banded themselves together for the purpose of guaranteeing the necessary funds. The nursery shown in the illustrations is a typical one, and is situated in the shady temple grounds at Ono, Kobe. The house is really the domain of the priests, but they have found temporary quarters elsewhere, and now the building resounds with merry baby laughter, and while the mothers are at work, the little ones, in happy innocence of the cause which brings them there, are lovingly tended by volunteer matrons and nurses. Japanese games and playthings are provided, and kindergarten classes are held daily. The nurseries are charmingly arranged and furnished, and the scene is one to touch the hearts of Western mothers.

Photo by *Young*

A Japanese Crèche at Kobe: A kindergarten group "sunning" themselves

A Nursery in a Temple

Waiting for the matron of the Crêche, in the grounds of the Temple, Kobe

The war is responsible for such a European institution as the crêche being introduced into Japan. In the absence at the front of the breadwinner, many Japanese mothers have had to go to work in the factories. In order that the children of those people who were thus affected by the Far Eastern conflict might be properly looked after during their parents' absence, this scheme was started in many of the larger towns

Photos by *Young*

The kindergarten room in the Crêche at Ono, Kobe

The crêche house, which stands in the temple grounds at Ono, Kobe, is really the residence of the priests, who have given it over to the children. Japanese games and playthings are provided, and kindergarten classes are held daily

The Lenten Season in Rome

"The Bystander" in ancient Rome

The Colosseum—"a noble wreck in ruinous perfection," as Byron called it—is still in wonderful preservation, considering that it is almost as old as the Christian era. It was built to hold 100,000 people. The last performance witnessed here was a bull fight which took place in 1332

The Teatro Nazionale

The latest built and most elegantly appointed theatre in Rome where the most important productions take place

Photos by **The British Embassy, Via Venti Settembre**

Our new Ambassador to Rome is Sir Edwin Egerton, who has recently taken the place of Sir Francis Bertie, now British Ambassador to Paris.

The bandstand in the Pincio Gardens [*Wyndham*

The famous Pincio, or "Hill of Gardens," is the popular resort in Rome for natives and visitors alike. It abounds in shady walks and quiet nooks, while there are many fountains which give it a general air of coolness. The name is derived from the fact that it was a part of the states of the famous Pincii family

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OUR SHORT STORY

A PROFITABLE ENGAGEMENT

By LEONARD MERRICK

The financier was cracking walnuts when the curate arrived.

"Hallo, boy!" he said. "Why didn't you come to dinner?"

"How do you do, Uncle Murray? Oh, it was impossible to come in time for dinner. I had a meeting at six o'clock—and it's a long way from Plaistow to Park Lane. Are you quite well?"

"Pretty fit," said Murray Pybus. "Glad to see you again. I was going to drop you a line - I go to New York next month. Help yourself to port."

"Thank you, I don't drink wine," said Cuthbert, a shade reproachfully.

"I forgot," said Pybus "Cigar? But you don't smoke either! Well, take an armchair; make yourself comfortable. How's Plaistow?"

The curate cleared his throat. "I was anxious to have a talk with you, Uncle Murray, on a very important subject."

"So you wrote me. Well, I know your important subjects; you needn't go into details; of course it's a bonâ fide case. How much do you want?"

"Frankly, I am nervous," faltered his nephew.

"Better try the port," counselled Pybus. "No? All right; stick to your colours, even if they're a blue ribbon."

"You have always been so generous—more than generous. Your subscriptions, and — and your proposals as regards myself, though I couldn't accept them, were——"

"Natural enough! You'll have to have the lot one day—I've nobody else to leave it to, and I'm not the man to marry again." He laughed. "It'll be a funny position, eh—an East End curate blooming into a millionaire? You're a queer fish, Cuthbert! I don't say any more about your not coming into the City—you weren't cut out for it—but what do you want to starve in the slums for? If the Church was the only thing to suit you, you might as well have had a snug berth in it."

"I thought—at least I hoped—" said Cuthbert stiffly, "that I had made my principles clear to you long ago. I have no desire for a 'snug berth'; I told you so when the Call came to me. My object in taking orders was never to attain material comforts; if I had sought worldly advantages, I should have embraced a commercial career instead. I choose to labour among those who need my poor help the most; and I choose to be in truth their brother—not to hold myself aloof from them, a preceptor in a pleasaunce."

"Oh, very proper, very high-minded!" said the financier hurriedly; "a reputation for conscientiousness, of course, is a valuable asset. Have it your own way, my lad. If I'm not to do anything for you in my lifetime, we'll say no more about it."

The curate flushed.

"As a matter of fact," he stammered, "my reason for wishing to see you was to beg you to do something for me. My principles are quite unchanged; I still mean to work among the poor, I'm still resolved to abstain from living among them luxuriously. but—well, circumstances have arisen which—er—— Perhaps I had better tell you everything, as it happened."

"Best way," said Pybus, repressing a groan.

"I was rather seriously unwell some weeks ago, and my Vicar induced me to take a brief holiday. He is always most considerate."

"Any family at the Vicarage?"

"Family? There are his three daughters."

"Ah," murmured the millionaire. "Yes, he would be considerate. Go on."

"Some quiet seaside place was preferable, and I went to Eastbourne."

"Eastbourne isn't quiet, it's only dull; swarms with dogs and steam rollers!"

"Both are very insistent, it's true. Well, my lodgings were not cheerful, and the weather was unpropitious, so altogether—"

"You got the hump?"

"I was—er—rather—yes. One evening, as it was too wet to take a walk, I attended a performance of *A Crown of Thorns*. Of course, I had heard about it—I knew that it had been approved by organs of the Press that don't mention such things as a rule—but I confess that it amazed me. I found its religious teaching quite as admirable as the historical instruction it afforded—its insight into the life of ancient Rome. It was practically my first visit to a theatre, and a most memorable experience. Perhaps you know the play?"

"Girl holds up a cross in the limelight, and the lions are afraid to eat her?"

"No, sir, there are no lions. There are lions in the pictorial advertisements of the play, but they are not actually visible on the stage. It isn't too much to say that I was 'overwhelmed.' I was ashamed of the unreasoning prejudice I had always entertained against theatrical performances."

"You haven't come to ask me to endow a theatre, I hope?" put in the millionaire genially.

"Oh, indeed, not at all, sir—the idea had not presented itself to me. Hear me out! The part of the

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heroine was taken by a lady who possessed such spiritual fervour that, at first, I regretted her choice of a career. How true it is that prejudice dies hard! I grieved—it was narrow of me!—that she was not devoting herself to the propagation of faith among the heathen of our own time, instead of to the mimic—er—I mean that it seemed to me she was wasting her precious gifts, that she ought to have been a missionary."

"I quite follow you," said Pybus, drily.

"I did not recognise the truth at once; but then it came to me—I understood! As I looked round at the eyes wet with tears, I saw that the stage may make for good as powerfully as the pulpit; I saw that this beautiful girl, uttering the grace that was in her to hundreds nightly—I don't know if I mentioned that she has been favoured with remarkable beauty—was stirring the minds of mere pleasure-seekers to the contemplation of higher things; I saw that she was working in the same Cause as myself."

"Great Scott, boy, you've fallen in love with an actress!" exclaimed Pybus. "So that's it?"

"Later I certainly learnt to love her," replied the curate with dignity, "though I don't perceive by what process you have arrived at the fact. I had the happiness to meet her the next afternoon—in the waiting-room at a dentist's—and the passing of a magazine led to conversation."

"Did you tell her that you thought she ought to have been a missionary?"

"I believe I did say something of my earlier regret; and she agreed with me that she was doing equally exalted work on the stage. Perhaps my enlightenment might be partly due to that conversation; her thoughts on the subject were very beautiful. One answer that she made impressed me deeply; 'Religion and Art,' she said, 'are in reality the same thing.' . . . Without the context it is not so forcible, but when she said it, it was most illuminative, it was a perfect expression of what we meant."

"How much have you been muddling yourself up with this girl?" asked the financier, curtly.

"Sir?"

"I say, how far has it gone? What happened after she illuminated the dentist's?"

"We met often after the dentist's—on the Parade. We used to listen to the town crier together; she found a town crier so quaint; anything that savours of a bygone age appeals to her strongly. Fortunately, too, the Company was going to London—to various theatres in the suburbs—so I was able to see her when I returned; and—and she has consented to be my wife."

"You told her you were my nephew, eh—my heir?"

"I saw no reason for reticence. I trust you have not formed a poor opinion of a lady whom you have never seen?"

"Not at all; I should have a poor opinion of her if she'd refused you under the circumstances. But you're making yourself ridiculous. You've lost your head over an actress; you've taken a queer, clerical way about it, but you've lost your head over an actress. It won't do, Cuthbert, the thing's absurd!"

Cuthbert had turned very pale.

"I'm sorry to find you so unjust," he groaned. "I had hoped, in view of the many offers you have so kindly made me that you'd be willing to—to further my happiness. Marriage upon my stipend is impossible, as you know. I trusted to your affection to—to—— Why, you've pressed me to take an allowance over and over again!"

"Look here, boy," exclaimed Pybus, "I'm going to talk straight to you! You're the nearest relative I've got, and though you were never the sort I was keen on leaving a million to, I knew you'd waste it in a creditable and conscientious kind of way. Also I'm only fifty, and I hoped you'd have got more sense by the time I died. But this alters matters. I shouldn't leave my money to you if you made a ridiculous marriage, and I don't part with a quid to help you to do it. That's plain English. You can tell her what I've said when you keep the appointment at the stage-door to-night! She can marry you if she likes, but she'll live in Plaistow on what you've got now—there'll be nothing from me."

"And you," observed Cuthbert bitterly, "are called 'a man of the world'! Why, sir, you are displaying all the narrowness of the least sophisticated. She is an actress—and so forsooth she must be mercenary and worthless! She is an actress—and so to wed her must be misfortune! She is an actress——"

"And you're a fool!" said Pybus. "But I don't want to quarrel with you—I've been there myself—thirty years ago—we've all been there some time. You go to a theatre, you see a pretty woman, and you think you're in love. You're a curate, so your symptoms are a bit complicated, but the complaint's very usual, Cuthbert, believe me—it won't be fatal."

"Will you allow me to introduce her to you?" pleaded Cuthbert. "Will you give me a chance of overcoming your prejudices?"

"No, I won't; I haven't any prejudices. I daresay the girl's right enough—for the right man; but she's a long way from right for you. You don't really suppose she can care about you? You're a good lad, but the last fellow in the world to please an actress. If you hadn't told her you were my nephew, she'd have laughed in your face when you proposed to her."

"I am prepared," said the curate, resignedly, "to suffer humiliation if need be."

"Oh, well, I don't want to hurt your feelings. But—er—well, she *would!* I know what actresses are like."

"But you don't know *her*. If you would talk to her once, she would convert you; you would own you were wrong. My life's happiness is at stake. Before you decide, let me bring her to see you. Surely it is no more than fair?"

Pybus picked up the evening papers. "It's no good going on with it; that's all I've got to say!"

He opened the *Pall Mall*.

"Good night, sir," quavered the curate, extending a hopeless hand.

"Good night, boy," said the financier cordially. "Whenever you want anything in reason let me know."

Cuthbert took a 'bus to Victoria, and arrived at the Shakespeare, Clapham, in ample time. It was still embarrassing to him to loiter at a stage door; but a man is justified in meeting his fiancée anywhere.

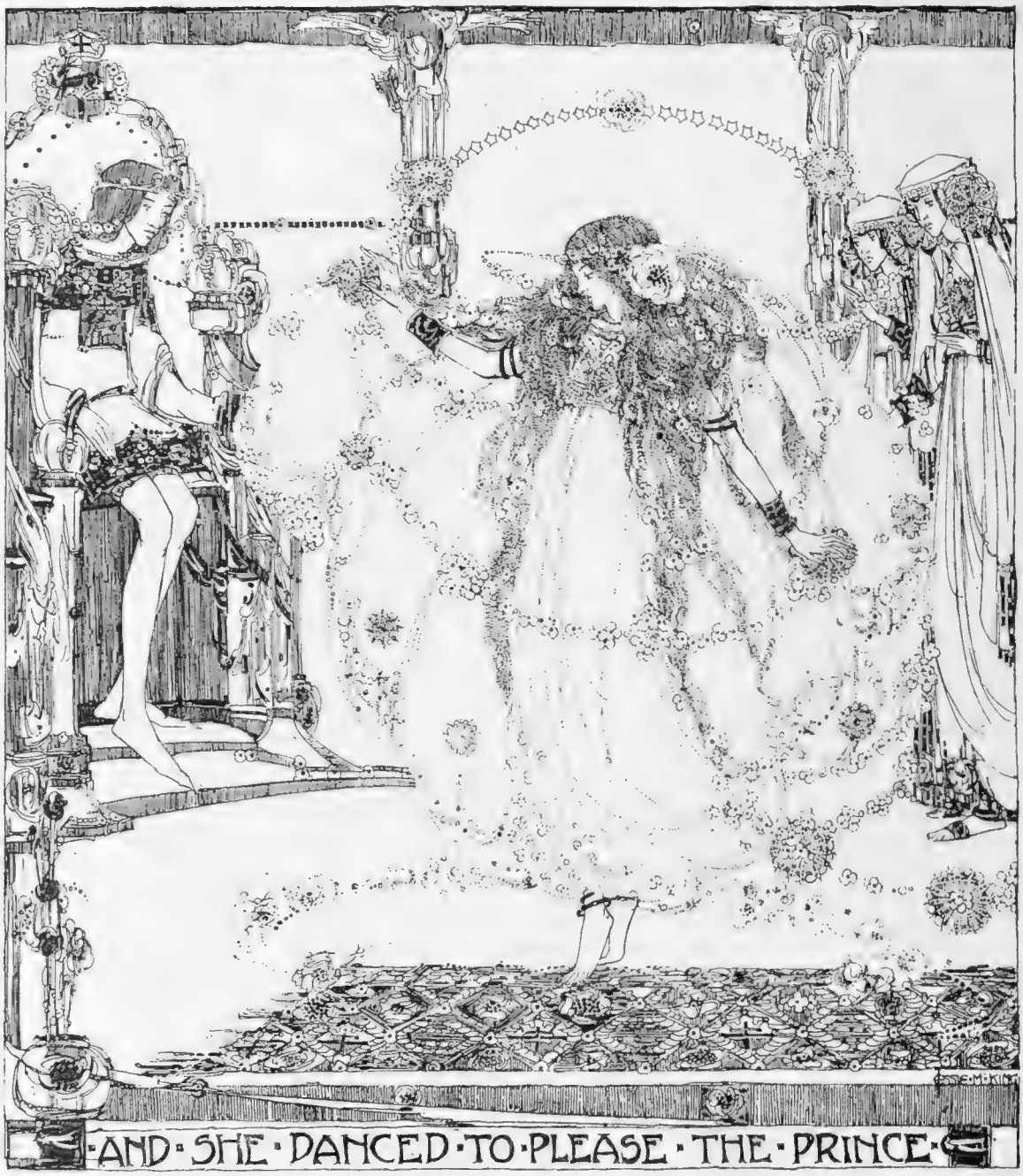
(Continued on page 677)

"Correct me if I'm wrong," said Pybus. "You are an actress; my nephew Cuthbert thinks he is in love with you; and you came aboard in the hope of persuading me to agree to your marriage"

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT (to Illustrate our Short Story)

MODERN DECORATIVE ART

AT THE BRUTON GALLERIES



Miss Jessie M. King's Exhibition

Despairing comments have been made by the Masters upon the lack of appreciation and understanding betrayed by the average Britisher in matters relating to art. This may be true in part, but there are signs of a welcome change in this respect. One of the signs of revivalism in artistic taste is afforded by the reception accorded the wonderful exhibition of decorative drawings, shown by Miss Jessie M. King, at the Bruton Galleries. A glance at the illustrations above shows the school to which

MISS JESSIE M. KING'S DECORATIVE GENIUS

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON"

Miss King belongs. It is not too much to say, that no one, since Aubrey Beardsley in his earlier period, has shown such technique combined with such fineness of line. It is difficult to believe that the delicate tracery which decorates these drawings is achieved through the medium of pen and ink. Nor has the public stopped at mere expressions of admiration. The drawings have commanded a ready sale, at prices far above those which usually rule at exhibitions of the kind. Miss King will be remembered by book-lovers for her exquisite illustrations to William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere."

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter VI.—CENTRAL AFRICA. Mr. Biff receives homage from the Chief of Umbalawooka

"If the boys at the club could only see me now!"

(Continued from page 672

He endeavoured to assert this by his bearing when loafers stared at him. Nobody was ever quite so high-minded as Cuthbert tried to look when he waited at stage-doors.

"My own, I have failed," he told her, as they walked to Clapham Junction.

The hand on his arm trembled. "What did he say?"

"He was obdurate; he refused point blank. Why should I pain you by repeating the insults I had to bear?"

"Just because I am an actress!" exclaimed the girl, pathetically. "Oh, what we have to put up with, we artists; how uncharitable they are to us! . . . Then it's all over between you and I?"

He winced. But tears were swimming in her lovely eyes; it would have been heartless to mention grammar.

"I cannot lose you," he cried, "I cannot! We might—no, it's out of the question. What's to be done? Angela, I almost lose faith!"

"Hush," she murmured, looking upward; "it may be all for the best, dear—it must be—though it is hard for us to understand it. . . . Do you think he would relent when we were married?"

"I fear not—he would never know you. If he'd let me take you to him, we should succeed, I'm sure—your intelligence and beauty would win him over, though he wouldn't appreciate your soul—but he declined to see you."

"It's a pity I can't be introduced to him as somebody else—go there as a hospital nurse or something. Then when I'd got round him, and he was very grateful to me, I could say, 'my name is Angela Noble—I love your nephew!'"

"It is a sweet idea. But his health is robust, and, besides, he goes abroad very soon."

"That's what *I* shall have to do," she said, moodily.

"You?"

"If we don't marry, I must take the engagement for New York; you know I have the offer open—I shall have to close with it."

"New York!" cried Cuthbert. "Actually I had forgotten." He was meditative. "Angela, I have a daring thought! I will *not* fail!"

Pybus was considerably surprised a day or two later at receiving a pleasant letter from the young man wishing him an agreeable voyage, and inquiring by what boat he was to cross; he was considerably irritated at receiving a second letter reminding him of his permission to ask reasonable favours. A lady of the curate's acquaintance was "departing for America, unprotected, by that very vessel." Any act of courtesy that Mr. Pybus would kindly show to the friendless lady, his affectionate nephew would much appreciate. It was added tactfully that, her means precluding speculation, no fear need be entertained of her angling for tips.

Pybus swore, and dictated a gracious note.

And the boat sailed.

Miss Noble unpacked her cabin trunk with the painful consciousness that steamers travelled fast. When she made the chance remark that had inspired her lover, she had been thinking vaguely of a sick-room and plenty of time for womanly gentleness to be appreciated. "Between Acts II. and III. a month elapses." An Atlantic racer was alarmingly different.

And the uncle was more discouraging still. Every uncle she had ever known refusing his consent had a white moustache and side whiskers, and was slightly bowed with age and cynicism. Here was a hale and hearty uncle, carelessly good humoured. Such a person seemed less likely to break up into slushy sentiment than the iciest cynic that ever sneered. The report that reached Plaistow from Queenstown was not a sanguine one. "There's just this in our favour," she had scribbled; "he has no suspicion who I am, and he can't escape me without jumping overboard. You may bet——" "Bet" had been imperfectly erased—"feel sure I shall do as much in the time as I can. Dear one——" Cuthbert kissed the ship's stationery with enthusiasm.

She was a bright girl—she hasn't been seen to advantage with the curate—and she was working for by far the most profitable engagement of her career; before the first sweepstake on the run she began to play her part in quite another manner than the one she had mentally rehearsed. The spiritual note that Cuthbert had expected of her—to go on being the heroine of *A Crown of Thorns* after the curtain was down—wouldn't catch on here at all, she decided; there was no hit to be made on those lines. Admiration, a wide-eyed homage of the financier's cleverness? Probably all the women he met looked at him like that—it had been played out long ago. The smartest thing would be to treat the middle-aged magnate as if he were an amusing young man.

She did it. It was much easier than being soulful, much less fatiguing. She laughed, she chaffed, she even flirted with him a little. Pybus, who had been prepared to find her a consummate nuisance, hadn't been on such good terms with himself for years.

The day before they sighted Sandy Hook he said, "I hope I shall see something of you after we land? Are you staying in New York long?"

"I — I hardly know," she answered. "It depends." It depended how he took it when she sprung the truth on him; she felt less self-possessed than usual.

"Anyhow there's my address. If there's anything I can do, let me know."

"That's very kind of you! I wonder how much you mean it?" She flashed a glance. "I might ask for something big."

"Ah, I didn't pledge myself to do anything you asked; I said I'd like to do anything I could."

"Cautious person!" They were pacing the deck, and they walked in silence for a minute. She was wondering if it would be discreet to delay her confession till they had arrived.

"You're nervy to-day," said Pybus. "You look as if you were going to say you had a headache. It's just the moment for a glass of champagne and a cracker. Let's go below and get them."

"I don't think I care about it, thanks; but you're quite right—I'm nervy. I want to tell you something. Shall we sit down?"

They sat down, and again there was silence.

"Well?" he questioned.

"I don't know how to begin."

"Let me help you," suggested Pybus. "Correct

me if I'm wrong. You are an actress; my nephew Cuthbert thinks he is in love with you; and you came aboard in the hope of persuading me to agree to your marriage. Whether you were going to New York, anyhow, I don't know; I trust you were, for I should be sorry to have you put to so much inconvenience. Now the beginning is over—proceed!"

Miss Noble had uttered a faint exclamation of astonishment; she stared blankly at the sea.

"You seem surprised," he said. "That isn't flattering to my intelligence Cuthbert's circle of pretty women is strictly limited, I take it—any doubt I had of your indentity when I got his letter was removed the moment I saw you."

"Oh, then you do think I'm pretty?" faltered Miss Noble.

"You are not a beauty, but your face is pleasing. I say you threw yourself in my way with the intention of convincing me that you were a much nicer girl than I supposed. Am I correct so far?"

"Quite correct," said Miss Noble, in a low voice. "It was an innocent plot."

"It is a very popular one; it has been in the English magazines every month since I was a child. Well, I am convinced. Don't misunderstand me. I find you brainier, wittier, and nicer in every respect; in fact, you are even more calculated than I assumed to spoil his life."

"Mr. Pybus!"

"Keep your temper—it's a reflection on him, not on you. I'll explain. Cuthbert is my heir *faute de mieux*—which may be translated as 'Because I haven't a son, much as I should like one'—and though I've never pretended he was the apple of my eye, I should regret to see him come to grief. If you were the flabby, phonographic sort of young woman that would echo his sentiments and make him happy, I'd say, 'Take him with my sympathy—he's yours!' You're a hundred per cent. too charming for the marriage to be a success. You've come down to his standard very effectually up to the present, I admit—it must have given you a lot of trouble—but you couldn't hope to impose on him always; before he had discovered half your attractions they'd break his heart."

"I don't know what to say to you. Then—then you refuse?"

"It's a novelty to see you at a loss Yes, I refuse unhesitatingly. Among the few certainties of life we may count the fact that you'll never marry Cuthbert with any help from me."

"For the reason that you've given me?"

"Among others. If I may say so, for the further reason that I don't wish you to be unhappy either. You find him a pill, naturally; and you'd have been bored to death."

"You are despising me," she exclaimed; "you think I'm a mercenary creature without a heart, who——"

"Don't talk to me as if I were Cuthbert. I don't despise you in the least. You are in a very precarious and overcrowded calling, and you'd have married him for position—as hundreds and thousands of fashionable and wealthy girls would be willing to marry him if I smiled approval—but I know you'd have found him dear at the price. And I have a third reason, though I can assert quite truthfully that the first alone would have prevented my consenting. I'd like to marry you myself."

"You!" she gasped.

"Why not? Of course you're not in love with me; but you like me much better than you like him, you can't dispute it. Professionally you are twenty-three, I suppose; that's to say you are in reality twenty-eight; so I'm two-and-twenty years older than you are. It's a lump, but I'm lively for my age, and if you go on flirting with me you'll make me feel considerably younger. It'll be rough on Cuthbert, I own—my marrying you will cost him about a million. Still, he won't have you in any case; and a hundred and fifty a year would be a great deal more appropriate. Besides, it's entirely his own fault; he should have taken 'no' for an answer when he came to see me, and then I should never have met you. Think it over. If you regard me as a fairly young man, you needn't hesitate; and if you don't, remember that there's no fool like an old one—that you'll have a very good time."

"You couldn't respect me?" murmured Miss Noble. "You'd feel that I was only marrying the money—that the man didn't matter?"

"I am not without some natural vanity, I assure you. Come, which do you feel more at home with, him or me?"

"You," admitted Miss Noble softly.

"That settles it!" said Pybus. "We'll get Tiffany's to send round some engagement rings in the morning."

LEONARD MERRICK.

SONNET

TO THE 'VARSITY CREWS, 1905

Once more, on Thames' tide, the rival crews,
Foregather for the contest that would grace
The golden fame of the Olympic race,
Who, in their day, acclaimed their mighty "blues";
Once more we scan each morn the meagre news
For details of the Cantabs' mending pace,
And whisper wingèd words to find no trace
Of rumoured changes in the Oxford "pews."
Hail, great Sixteen! Grease to your rythmic slides!
Hark now, the raucous coach: "That finish, three!
Two, hands away! Swing easy from the hip!"
See, week by week, the eights make giant strides,
Till that great day, when may the Fates decree
The best crew shall be first to reach the Ship!

CYRIL F. AUSTIN.

"How am I to get down there, little boy?"

"Jump"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

CONCERNING MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

(NO. 69 OF THE SERIES)

It is not everybody who knows that the son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is Joseph also. The fact is so: but since the unmistakable desire of the British people is in favour of having one Joe at a time, the younger is always known by his second name of Austen. In other respects his resemblance to his father is not discouraged; but the line is drawn at orchids.

Political sons are not always successful. It is, indeed, doubtful whether, since the days of Lord Chatham and William Pitt, there has been so striking a case of a son's triumph following a father's. Mr. Austen took ten years only to arrive at Cabinet rank. True, Mr. Joseph took only four; but Gladstone took eleven and Disraeli fifteen. And the moral of that is, if you have a successful father, keep in with him.

Pitt, who was mentioned just now, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three. That, however, happened in the days when wheat was forty shillings a quarter, duelling was compulsory, and nobody was ever sober after six in the evening. In these more commonplace times we consider it marvellous for a man to be, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain was in 1903, Chancellor at forty.

Still more marvellous do we—even the most Radical of us, in our secret hearts—think it that the youngest Chancellor of modern times, after one of the toughest financial years of modern times, should be now emerging from it, contrary to every prophecy, with a very decent surplus. There has undoubtedly been some squeezing, and penetrating cries have been raised by those who objected to having their income tax extorted from them within three months of its becoming payable. Also tea has been dear; so much so that the tea-tax has now a special League all to itself. Then there is sugar; of which, we are given to understand in some quarters, the Government designs altogether to deprive this unhappy country. Further, there has been cutting down of expenses: for which there was certainly room.

Few men have ever been prepared more carefully for the business of Minister of the Crown than Mr. Austen Chamberlain. After Rugby and Trinity, Cambridge (a second in History was his record), he put in nine months at the School of Political Science in Paris, sitting under M. Leroy-Beaulieu; and afterwards followed a similar course of study in Berlin. In the interval, by the way, he acted as private secretary to his father in his campaign against the first Home Rule Bill.

East Worcestershire was his first seat, which he came in for without a contest in 1892; and it has never gone back on him, not even when Mr. Oscar Browning, forgetting the respect that is due from a Don to one who has been a student under him, opposed him at the General Election shortly after. East Worcestershire, it may be worth mentioning, contains Highbury within its area.

Mr. Austen soon became Junior Whip to the Liberal Unionists; and no sooner were the Liberals got out, in 1895, than he came in for a Civil Lordship of the Admiralty. Next he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and next Postmaster-General. And then, the Exchequer.

His merit as an administrator has been proved. He is a man of quiet tastes, even to the extent of being a bachelor; reads a good deal of history; manages a dairy farm at Highbury; and has a great future before him.

CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS

The Club

"Well, I don't bet often, but, by George, I do know a gee when I see one, rather, dontcherknow, what!"

"Come down to Liverpool with me, dear boy. I know something pretty hot for the 4.30."

"Not a bad idea." (*B-r-r-r-r-r.*) "James, get me change and my keys and my white hat, and er, all the other thingamys I shall want, and er, and the other things—and er—James, my glasses . . . You know, dear boy, I was always considered jolly lucky."

On the Course—Before the Race

"By Jove, that's a rippin' animal. I say, dear boy, let's squint at the card. By Jingo, here's a rum go, you recollect, dear boy, the idea I had in the train for a white waistcoat."

"Rather."

"Well, here's a horse called Starch II. Isn't that an omen, dear boy. By Jove! I was always a demon for luck, dear boy."

"Let's waltz in with a brace of fivers."

"Where's the fellar? Oh! I say, we want to back Starch II. to win. (*They back.*)

After the Race

"By Jupiter, dear boy, she's won, I believe; no, by jingo, she hasn't, we are simply fried."

"By George, we are."

"But I say, look here, The Tailor won."

"By Jove."

"We ought to have plunged on The Tailor, awfully sorry my failure, awfully rum go—white waistcoat—Tailor."

"Rather—let's go home. I thought you were a lucky chap."

"So I am, dear boy, as a rule—but, by Jove, it's a Friday."

"So it is."

(They exchange a knowing wink and go home.)

Austen Chamberlain *(log.)*: **"There is no deception, gentlemen"**

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

Some Service Pets

Photos by *Cribb*

The sailors' pet on H.M.S. "Excellent"

"Minnie," the pet bear, entered on the ship's books as a first-class P.O. (seaman gunner)

The officers' pet fox on H.M.S. "Excellent"

The "Excellent" is a gunnery ship, stationed at Whale Island, Portsmouth

"Jack," the retriever having his bath on board H.M.S. "Karrakatta," torpedo gunboat, lately on the Australian Station

A new life of John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, by Professor Sanford Terry, which Messrs. Constable have in preparation, ought to decide once for all whether Claverhouse's name should be cleared from stain or indelibly branded. Hitherto he has been either "Bonnie Dundee" or "Bloody Claverse"—according to the point of view chosen by friend or foe—though, strictly speaking, Claverhouse has no right to the first of these epithets. The old song, "Bonnie Dundee," referred only to the town, and its application to Claverhouse is a modern invention. Few names in Scottish history have had a more factitious history than this, and the critical, unbiased researches of Professor Terry will probably show—what, as a matter of fact, has been demonstrated before — that Claverhouse was neither the devil incarnate that his hereditary enemies, the Covenanters, as well as Lord Macaulay, painted him, nor the perfect hero that his own champions made him out to be.

The Covenanters, though they denounced him as the "hell wicked-witted, blood-thirsty Graham, of Claverhouse," were forced to admit that he was by no means impious, and that he "hated to spend his time with wine and women." There was nothing of the gay campaigner about the stern, unyielding Claverhouse, but he was both brave and handsome, and his troopers idolised him. After all, he only did what he considered to be his duty, and in the end, gave his life willingly for James against William and Mary. "How goes the day?" he asked, as he lay in the arms of one of his men, dying in the hour of victory in the fatal Pass of Killiecrankie; "How goes the day?" "Well for King James," was the response, "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it is well for him," came the chief's reply, "it matters the less for me."

The late General Sir Henry Daly, who was fighting on the Indian frontier before Lord Roberts was in his 'teens, lived, like Lord Roberts, to write his Memoirs of over forty years' service there. These Memoirs, which are now to be published by Mr. Murray, under the editorship of the General's son, Major H. Daly, take one back to numerous little frontier wars before the Mutiny, and to distinguished services under Sir Charles Napier, Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Gough, and other men who helped to build up our Indian Empire. When the Mutiny broke out, Daly held the command of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, and was ordered to march to Delhi from his quarters at Mardan, in Usafzai—580 miles away—as rapidly as possible. He did it in twenty-two days, arriving with his men in excellent order and ready for immediate service—a remarkable feat, which brought him high praise in a general order issued by Sir Henry Bernard, who commanded at Delhi. The Memoirs will probably have much to say of this march, and also of the siege of Delhi, during which General Daly was twice wounded.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Tracks of a Rolling Stone. By the Hon. Henry J. Coke. Published to-day. (Smith, Elder: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Adventures Among Books. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Lhasa and its Mysteries. By Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Waddell, Chief Medical Officer with the British Mission. Illustrated. (Murray: 25*s.* net.)

NEW NOVELS

Patricia: A Mother. By "Iota." Published to-day. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

A Maid at Large By the Author of "Strawberry Leaves." Published to-day. (Nash: 6*s.*)

A Rough Reformer. By Ernest Glanville. (Constable: 6*s.*)

A striking romance of revolutionary Russia is to come from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton early next month, entitled, *The White Terror and the Red*. The author, Mr. Abraham Cahan, writes from an inside knowledge of the circumstances which led to the assassination of Alexander II. We are told that Mr. Cahan was himself one of the "circle" implicated in the tragedy, and that only an accident, and his own pluck, saved him from transportation for life to Siberia. Another new novel, which deals with revolutionary Russia, has been written by Mr. Carlton Dawe, and will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, under the title, *The Grand Duke*. The story concerns the adventures of an Englishman who bears such a striking resemblance to the Grand Duke Boris, Governor-General of Moscow, that, for his sweetheart's sake, he actually goes to Moscow and personates the Governor-General. His adventures should make an excellent book.

An Account of the Rothamsted Experiments, by Mr. A. D. Hall, which Mr. Murray is publishing, should be of service both to the working farmer, who can turn many of the lessons drawn from Rothamsted into practice, and to the student of agricultural science, to whom an acquaintance with the main results of the experiments is indispensable. Everybody interested in agricultural science knows that these experiments were carried out by the late Sir John Lawes and Sir Henry Gilbert during the sixty years from 1843 to 1903, but the reports of their work have hitherto been available only in certain agricultural and scientific journals.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Killing by Kindness

Mr. Andrew Lang has been complaining in the *Evening Standard* about the excess of generosity from which criticism is at present suffering. His complaint he has small difficulty in justifying, by quoting from recent reviews, many absurd panegyrics of very ordinary novels. The *Daily Chronicle*, in its hysterical days, did much mischief by discovering a new genius every morning, and the cheap Press now flourishing can talk in superlatives only, as most of its writers are utterly lacking in judgment and that long-gathered knowledge of literature essential to comparison, without which there can be no real criticism, even if the critical faculty be present in the writer. Mr. G. B. Burgin, one of the most unassuming novelists of my acquaintance, is, at present, suffering from the criticism of some gushing youth in a provincial paper, who has declared, with the awful majesty of the anonymous "we," that "The Marble City" is to be ranked with the masterpieces of Dickens and Thackeray! There must be fifty living novelists whom foolish anonymuncles have "ranked with Scott." On the other hand, the smart young man who simply lifts from its context a brief passage of a novel, and dismisses the work, which may have taken a conscientious author six months to complete, with, "this passage will indicate the sort of stuff the writer provides," or some such phrase, as the *Daily Telegraph* did in respect to Mr. Burgin's novel which the *Nottingham Guardian* places alongside of "Esmond" and "David Copperfield," is equally deserving of censure.

Photo by] "Ian Maclaren" [*Russell*

Otherwise Dr. John Watson, who has just resigned the pastorate of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, with which he has been connected for twenty-five years

Anonymous Journalism

Signed criticism is the only corrective of stupid praise and ignorant abuse. So thinking, I am sorry to note that the *Academy*, in its new and vastly improved series, has reverted to anonymous reviewing, though in its best days it maintained the principle of signed articles. It puts forward a specious plea for shunning the capital "I," ignoring the fact that there is vastly more egotism in the use of the so-called "impersonal 'we,'" which invests the opinion of a writer with an often unwarranted dignity. The editor—or some one else who, like Sam Weller, is privileged to "spell it with a *we*"—opines that such criticism as is the avowed expression of personal taste in literature, is "impressionism run mad," evidently forgetting, or not knowing, that all criticism which has endured is hopelessly personal. He—or rather the *Academy*, for it is so "impersonal" now that it has absorbed the personalities of a score of writers—assures us that criticism of the "impressionism run mad" order has decayed, because its exponents have been troubled, like "Dagonet," with their livers. We are to suppose that the *Academy* has secured a staff of liverless, impersonal critics, regardless of cost! The *Academy*, at one stage of its career, was remotely associated with a famous brand of little liver pills. While I plead for more signed criticism, I am not a "whole hogger" for signed journalism. The pioneer halfpenny papers brought it into contempt by allowing their rawest juniors to sign their articles, and no better instance is needed than that afforded by the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*, which, in the early stages of the present war, teemed with signed and almost valueless despatches from a small army of journalistic nonentities. Now that the war is really interesting, these scribblers have ceased from troubling, while the anonymous, but able, representative of Reuter's Agency has sent from Tieling one of the few noteworthy reports that have yet been published, having witnessed the master episode of the war. One would like to have seen his name at the end of his despatch.

"Ian Maclaren"

The retirement of Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") from the pastorate of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, on the ground that "his strength is nearly exhausted," and that he has long had to do his work with hindrances from bodily weakness is a reminder that we should not judge by appearances. For, anyone who had met Ian Maclaren occasionally during the last few years, would have

thought him a man of uncommon physical strength—robust, burly of frame, a typical Highlander (though born in Essex). But he has never been really a strong man, and even before his famous American tour, in 1896, he had suffered so much in health, that it was little short of a wonder he was able to carry through so exhausting an undertaking. He was sustained, no doubt, by the extraordinary enthusiasm which his visit evoked. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that no literary celebrity ever had such a success in America. The late Major Pond, who was his impresario, was beggared for adjectives wherewith to convey an adequate idea of it, and his most telling facts are the vulgar records of the box-office, from which it would seem that Ian Maclaren, at lecture after lecture, and often twice in one day, brought in gross receipts amounting to £400. To draw £800 in one day for two lectures, and to repeat the feat many times in one tour, is surely evidence of immense popularity. Ian Maclaren is one of the most entertaining platform speakers I have ever heard, and his endless store of Scottish anecdote is poured out with an easy grace of words and a "pawkiness" of manner all his own. In these days of money-grubbing, it is a pleasure to record that Dr. Watson was offered £4,800 by Major Pond at the end of his tour to lecture for twelve weeks more, but refused the offer rather than fail to keep his promise to resume his pastoral duties in Liverpool by a certain date, "although," adds Major Pond, in an unconsciously comical sentence, "many of his parishioners told me afterward that they would have been glad to have him remain (in America) longer if he had wished."

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Charles Lowe

Formerly Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, whose new novel, "A Lindsay's Love," has just appeared

"A Kailyairder"

While Ian Maclaren may truly be said to owe his literary fortune to the unerring judgment of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who had noted his qualities before he himself had suspected them, and almost forced him, against his will, to write the sketches of Scottish life which, re-issued as "Beside the Bonnie Bier Bush," carried his name around the world—he turned aside to write them when deep in the study of the Jebusites!—in his case, as in that of all the "kailyairders" (I use the term in no scoffing way), his severest critics have been "they of his own household." Dr. Johnson had, no doubt, good reason in his time for saying, "You know, sir, that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him." Meaning, we may suppose, a sort of organised *claque* of "brither Scots." To-day it is not so. "The vulgarity of the work of Ian Maclaren is less robust and blatant than that of Mr. Crockett's; but it is none the less offensive that it is more subtle and insidious." Thus Mr. J. H. Millar, in his "Literary History of Scotland," where also he dubs Ian Maclaren the *Jean qui pleure* of the modern Scottish literary movement. Yet will I say, that among living writers there is not one who has given more genuine pleasure, more readily touched to laughter or to tears the hearts of countless readers, the world over, than Ian Maclaren, who, now in his fifty-fourth year, and after thirty years of arduous labour as a minister, is seeking well-earned retirement, which we may hope will give him renewal of strength for further literary effort.

Mr. Charles Lowe

I wish to say a word or two about another distinguished Scot this week, as I have been reading with immense pleasure Mr. Charles Lowe's new novel, "A Lindsay's Love," which comes in a striking tartan dress from the new and enterprising publisher, Mr. Werner Laurie. For many years, Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, the friend and intimate of some of the historic personages in the history of modern Germany, far-travelled and familiar with the inner side of affairs in the chancelleries of Europe, and a scholar, Mr. Lowe is a shining example of "the lad o' pairts," whose native qualities have led him to distinction. If "A Lindsay's Love" should not prove one of the most popular novels of this year, it certainly ought to be. I suspect that it is largely auto-biographical, as the career of Mr. Lowe's hero has many points of resemblance with his own. Its sub-title, "A Tale of the Tuileries and the Siege of Paris," indicates the period with which it deals, and the events of those stirring times are set forth in the most picturesque and vivid fashion, a very pathetic love story being intermingled with a narrative that moves steadily forward and never falters in its interest. The immense amount of miscellaneous information which Mr. Lowe has contrived to pack into his fascinating tale, and always with relevancy, reminds one somewhat of Balzac's method. The book is masterly, and worthy the attention of readers who do not regard fiction as a mere pastime for an idle hour. The minute characterisation of "The Man of Destiny," which is one of its strong features, will be especially interesting to many readers.

Pages from a Premier's Diary

MONDAY

Cabinet meeting to-day. Gerald, Lyttelton, Lansdowne, and self, were present, as were also a number of other persons of whose names I fear am ignorant. Wish sometimes I could recollect these people. It was, for instance, really awkward to-day. After we had sat down, I observed in a loud whisper to Gerald that I could have wished that so many reporters had not been in the room. G. had to explain that they weren't reporters but colleagues. All this is apt to make things unpleasant. A good many matters of importance were communicated to me. In the first place, Lyttelton has had his handicap reduced, which confirms me in the confidence I felt in him when I gave him office. Curious thing, by the way, about Lyttelton is his weakness for halving. Why, even when he got to the Colonial Office he must halve something, so he halved Chinaman's wages. However, I wander from the point. The second important matter raised at to-day's meeting was the question of some new Irish links, in which Lansdowne is interested. And that reminds me to add that Lyttelton was telling me that he had had a letter from Chamberlain that very morning about some Colonial links. No opportunity to get further particulars just then, but did not before know that Chamberlain was at all interested in golf, or, in fact, in any form of exercise. One of the reporters—I should say one of the Cabinet persons—wanted to discuss all kinds of out-of-the-way subjects—War Office management, South African affairs, and all that sort of thing. Naturally, we drowned discussion of such points as those pretty quickly.

TUESDAY

This morning had a call from a person called Akers-Douglas, who explained that he was in the Cabinet. I made a few nice enquiries—rather pride myself on that kind of thing, by the way—asked him if he'd been a Minister long, how he liked the work, etc. Somehow, my remarks didn't seem to make him any happier. He called, it seemed, to discuss a new Bill he's got in his—mind, I think he called it. His idea is to have Cabinet Ministers registered and marked in some suitable way. He justly pointed out that nowadays very few such have anything to distinguish them from other people. All this imposes a great hardship on them. I expressed my sympathy. Person of the name of Akers-Douglas went on to say that another person—fancy his name was Length, or Prolix, or Long, or something of that kind—had been a Cabinet Minister for years without anyone knowing it. I told him that, if he could inform me at which office his friend was employed, I should be pleased to communicate with him.

Photo by *A. and G. Taylor*

Landslide at the Rhymney Valley Collieries: The manager's house in the foreground

This landslide at New Tredegar has occurred on the site of an old landslide which took place in 1901. It has overwhelmed three pits belonging to the Powell Duffryn Company, which gave employment to nearly 2,000 men, and produced about 1,400 tons of coal a day

WEDNESDAY

Spent morning pleasantly working out a number of new "explanations" of my position in regard to the Fiscal question. Curiously enough, only last night, in the House, some absurd Radical said he couldn't understand my attitude. Naturally, I pointed out to him that as I, who obviously ought to know more about my own attitude than anyone else, couldn't understand it, it was rather to be expected that he could not. Somehow this reply did not seem to appeal to him as being conclusive. The Radical mind must be a curious organisation. It seems quite unable, for instance, to grasp the elementary truth of Fiscal reform, that two and two, by a process of addition and subtraction, can be made to make five.

THURSDAY

Austen C. looked in. Do not at all like the manners of this young man. Never was particularly fond of the study of Heredity, and object to have it thrust upon me every time Austen calls. He hasn't the same brain, of course. But there's the same confounded trick of wanting more, the same "ask and see that you get it" attitude. I may not—I suppose I *am* not much of a leader, but I like form to be kept up. Austen came, of course, to talk about his confounded Budget. He had quite a disagreement with his father, it seems. A. wanted to double the dog tax, but J. C. pointed out—quite reasonably for once, as it seems to me—that Jesse puts him to quite enough expense already. Another point raised by Austen was a proposal to tax the contents of babies' bottles. A. announced further that he meant to place a further tax on spirit. Misunderstanding him for a moment, I said I was quite agreeable to his taxing anything which the Tory Party, as a whole, did not possess. When I found, however, that he referred to spirit in the sense of whisky, I refused my support. I pointed out that by such a duty, we would be punishing our best friends. After discussing whisky, we came to the subject of water. I am unwilling to put a tax on that, as many excellent supporters of ours in the City tell me—I don't quite understand the process, I confess, but they tell me—that they need a lot of water for their reports. Austen was leaving me in a more or less tranquil frame of mind when he put his head back to inform me that J. C. was looking in to-morrow. Shall have a bad night, of course, after hearing this. Why need I have been told to-day?

Photo by *A. and G. Taylor*

The Welsh Landslide: Another view of the damage done to the manager's house

A very large sum of money is at the present time being expended in sinking a new pit, which is almost completed, and which would have doubled the capacity of the colliery; nearly all the new work, and most of the old, has collapsed, together with a portion of the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, which runs through the colliery

FRIDAY

J. C. came this morning. With usual want of consideration, didn't consult my feelings on any point, but dictated instructions. Miserable morning. Hand shakes too much to add further particulars.

SATURDAY

Golf.

MATTERS MUSICAL

"The Growth of English Music"

Some of the elder generation of English composers are apparently exercised in spirit on account of Sir Edward Elgar's inaugural address, at Birmingham, on "The Growth of English Music"; no doubt, it is a little difficult to take an accurate survey of the situation, when you represent in your own person the highest development of the art under discussion, but it is, nevertheless, true, that most of the older English composers of to-day would find some difficulty in writing music comparable in point of interest with what the Peyton professor has already written. Very much the same position has prevailed in regard to art before now. If the Royal Academy were slow to recognise the merits of a Burne-Jones, the pendantic school of music as surely fails to be attracted by an Elgar, but that is no proof that his is not valuable work. On the whole, one feels rather glad that he has been courageous enough to protest against the academic complacency which too often represents the English point of view in this as in other matters.

Siegfried Wagner

Conductor at Bayreuth, who has recently been giving some concerts in Nice

The Complexity of Elgar

Few would accuse Elgar of lack of originality; on the contrary, signs are not wanting that he is led rather in the other direction, and is tempted from the very versatility of his genius to undue complexity, an inclination as fatal in its way as want of originality. To a large extent, greater complexity tends in the direction of greater vagueness, so that the final effect of the work loses in sublimity through not being sharp and clear cut. Many portions of the "Apostles," for instance, though immensely clever, are so extraordinarily involved that it is impossible to fasten on any one idea as the kernel of the affair: obviously because there are so many kernels. Unfortunately, the trend of modern musical thought seems to be in this direction, fostered, no doubt, by the reverence for Wagner, and such of his disciples as Strauss, which seems to form part of the creed of the up-to-date musician.

A Wagner School Impracticable

It would be ridiculous to dispute the genius of Wagner, but it appears a precarious movement to attempt to found a school on him, because it is a practical impossibility that anyone else should possess the same ingenuity in working out his admittedly peculiar ideas as he himself displayed.

Senseless Applause

Of Signor Busoni's massive brilliancy, it is surely unnecessary to treat, so finished an executant is he known to be. At his recital, last week, he was in excellent form, and though it was disappointing to find that he had not found room for a Beethoven item in the programme, a crowded audience enjoyed his playing to the full. If they do enjoy themselves, however, it seems a little unfair to vent their pleasure on the performer by applauding him out of all reason, and recalling him four or five times after each item, when it is obvious that he cannot give extra pieces. It is not those who appreciate a performance most who behave in this ridiculous manner, but a certain section of the (female) public, who seem to welcome the slightest excuse for making a noise, for surely it cannot confer any benefit on them to gaze just once more on his *dear* face?

Mischa Elman

Mr. Charles Williams's concerts are improving as they progress. Interest, at the last, centred in the playing of Mischa Elman, the thirteen-year-old prodigy, who has reached London from Russia—where he was studying at the Imperial School of Music, Odessa—by way of Berlin. He played Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D Minor, not merely correctly, but with an amount of feeling which one might seek in vain from many mature performers. He seems to see deeper into his music than other prodigies—of which, if the truth must out, we have grown a little tired lately—and he is sure to be heard of again.

Siegfried Wagner

Siegfried Wagner, whose portrait is reproduced this week, is the son of the world-famous Richard Wagner, and has followed in his father's footsteps to the extent of becoming conductor at Bayreuth. Though it is undeniably a distinct mistake to have such a clever father, he has succeeded in achieving a considerable reputation on the Continent, and has recently been giving some concerts at Nice, where he was much appreciated.

H. F.

The Connoisseur.

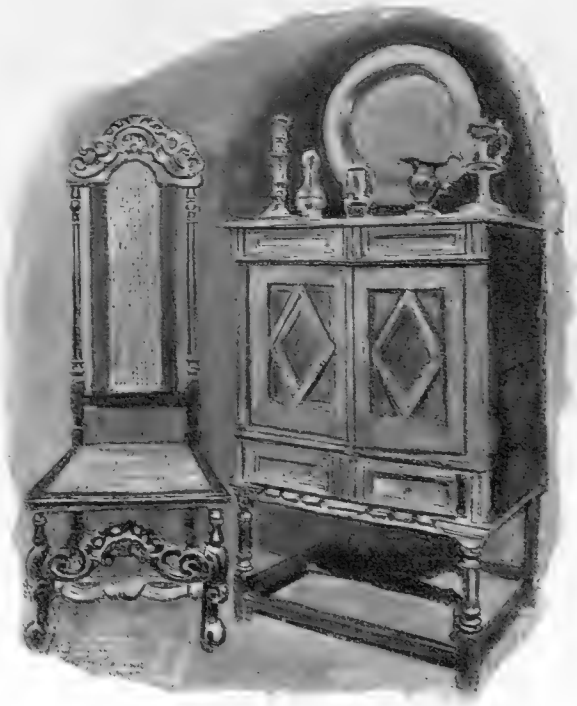
STUART FURNITURE

Jacobean Elegance and Fine Finish

Now that everyone is a collector of eighteenth century furniture, and the styles of the first half-dozen of the masters of English cabinet work of that period are household words, one notes that the taste of the time is turning to what is rather vaguely called Stuart pieces. Roughly, this includes many styles, from the distinctly observable Renascence methods of Charles I., through the not very marked simplification of the Cromwell period—the Protector himself is said to have had an inclination towards rather fine things—down to the French influence shown in the productions under Charles II. Thus there is a considerable number of styles within the period from which to choose, but, unfortunately, the quantity is small. At this time, furniture was mainly for the rich and great, and thus, although the survivals are often of fine material and workmanship, they are found isolated, and it is extremely difficult to obtain that agreeable *ensemble* in Stuart pieces which can be done so satisfactorily in late eighteenth century productions. Apart from the fine quantity of Jacobean furniture at Knole, and in a few other great houses, the examples ordinarily to be met with are the gate-tables, which are often of excellent proportions, and with turned legs of great elegance; the high-backed, caned chair with well-designed legs and, as a rule, the Spanish foot, which makes so graceful a finish, and sometimes with finely turned stretcher between the four legs, which gives an especial character to much James II. work. Over and above these few pieces, one sometimes comes across the day-room couch or bed, the forerunner of the nineteenth century sofa, or the chest of drawers with stand, often one of the most beautiful pieces of work of the period, generally inlaid with finely marked woods, the stand being supported by spiral legs.

Tables and Bedsteads of the Period

Then, again, there are many tables of excellent design, from the simple long side-table, for dining in hall, to the elaborate knee-hole table with drawers, not unlike an *escritoire* of later date. These may have been used for dressing-tables, or in connection with the toilet, as a recent writer on Jacobean furniture says that no signs or remains of what we call a wash-stand are to be found. In regard to the many fine bedsteads of the Stuart period which exist, but which are not fortuitously discovered by the casual collector, most of them are more characteristic of Italian Renascence than of anything English. The square, low-backed chair, with padded seat and back and spiral legs and cross-bars, which is usually called Jacobean, is Italian of about 1620, and the stamped leather of Charles II. is, of course, Portuguese, at least in style if not in actual make. Of these various pieces none are more sought after than the high-backed, cane-worked chairs, such as that given in our illustration. This is one of a pair now on view at the gallery of the Misses Woollan, where are very many good examples of the period, as well as a vast collection of interesting antiques, from the finest lace to the most substantial old oak. The Jacobean oak cabinet, which is seen beside the chair, is an early piece, at once decorative and simple, and easily adaptable to modern surroundings. In fact, this is a main characteristic of the Stuart pieces that survive to our times; their excellent workmanship and admirable proportions give distinction to almost any environment. Some of the finer oak dressers of Jacobean times—original ones are scarce enough, but other examples, which are spoken of as being "as good as," are not hard to get—these are invaluable to collectors of pewter for the background they supply. They are used also for porcelains, but, even in the event of very fine specimens of Stuart work, they do not mate well with the sophisticated character of Oriental china. E. M.



High-backed, cane-worked chair and oak cabinet of the Jacobean period

(In the gallery of the Misses Woollan, Brook Street, W.)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Ethics of Golf

I have been led to consider this topic by some remarks by the editor of *Golf Illustrated* in the issue of March 10, on the subject of Rule 19. Now the latter part of this rule makes provision for the player's caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie, standing at the hole, but forbids them, under penalty of loss of the hole, from endeavouring, by moving or otherwise, to influence the action of the wind upon the ball. The editor dislikes this rule, which was grafted on to the code in 1891, and pleads for a return to the good old days when all sorts of dodges were resorted to by players and their caddies to help or retard a ball in its course to the hole by sheltering it from, or exposing it to, the force of the wind. This particular rule has its analogy in the one which lays down the manner in which loose impediments may be removed from the line of the putt, and in which that line may be pointed out. Both rules had to be made in response to a general feeling that something must be done to demarcate the border between fair and foul play. In the "good old days" things were done which would make the hair of the modern golfer bristle with horror. Pawky old golfers would smooth the line of their putt with a heavy wooden putter to a degree, extremely satisfactory to themselves and disconcerting to their adversaries, which made the holing of the putt a mere matter of hitting the ball down a groove, while their caddies, on windy days, would resort to every possible trick to favour their master and impede his adversary. Caddies have been known to lie down on the windward side of a putt at full length, so as to shelter the ball from any possible deflection by the wind. These practices, which really infringed the spirit of the game, but which could not be checked or penalised under any rule, were felt to be a growing scandal which had to be put down. It is much better to lay down a hard-and-fast rule forbidding certain actions, than to permit of each party carrying on these practices so far as their own ball is concerned, and only to penalise them if they interfere with that of the adversary. And so, I come to the consideration of the ethics of the game. In a friendly match between two old golfing friends there is practically no need for a complicated code of rules. They know the broad lines governing the spirit of the game, and it is rare indeed, that any dispute occurs between two such players. But in these days, when so many important competitions fill the fixture cards of golf clubs all over the Kingdom, you must have a code of rules clearly laying down what is permissible and what is not. Otherwise, Committees of Clubs would have an even more onerous time of it than they do now. In a perfect and idyllic world there would be no necessity for penal rules in any of the games indulged in by mankind. But, unfortunately, *humanum est errare*, and we have to recognise the fact. Broadly and roughly speaking, in nearly all games the rules governing the game, besides their office of directing how the game shall be conducted, have this important principle involved in their drafting, viz., the prevention of cheating. A glance at the morning paper—not, I hasten to say, in the sporting section of it—will show at once that we have not yet arrived at the time when penal legislation can be foregone. Therefore, as human nature is weak, and liable to yield to the temptation of cheating in a variety of departments of life, so game legislators have to consider the possibility of such misdeeds occurring in the sport they are dealing with, and have to draft rules to meet the danger. Naturally, any player of this sort soon became a marked man, and people avoided making matches with him. But the increasing stress of competitions made it imperative to protect the innocent golfer from the black sheep. We all have heard the story of the golfer who, after enduring a round with an adversary who sailed very close to the wind, remarked, "Well, I shall have to bring out my family solicitor with me on another occasion."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Mr. Balfour putting at the eighteenth green at Sandwich in the match, House of Commons v. Formby Club

Mr. W. T. Leitch is the Prime Minister's opponent

BOOK TITLES—Illustrated

"CREATURES THAT ONCE WERE MEN"—MAXIM GORKY

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Motors at Islington

Despite Olympia's success, the tenth annual Automobile Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, was well filled with exhibits, and attracted a good few visitors. Most of the exhibits were, of course, a repetition of recent shows, but the heavy vehicle section, which occupied the Minor Hall, was distinctly interesting, and the growth of this section offers, to my mind, a solution of the show difficulty. Leaving out of consideration the Crystal Palace, I would suggest that Olympia should have a monopoly of pleasure cars, and that future exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall should deal with commercial and heavy traction vehicles and motor-boats. Olympia would gain space, the trade would be spared the expense of two exhibitions, and the commercial side of the motor would be adequately dealt with.

At Mann and Overton's Stand

Once inside the Hall, the stand which most attracted the eye was undoubtedly that of the Richard-Brasier—supported on white pillars, a spirited drawing of Thèry on his celebrated No. 5, pictured last year's Gordon Bennett—whilst the actual car itself, which won the coveted cup, was shown for the first time in England. I have described before, in these columns, the Richard-Brasier cars, but the Unic car, manufactured by M. Georges Richard and Co., of Paris, is a new type now handled by the same agents.

The Unic

This light two-cylinder car has a frame of stamped steel, designed to give the front wheels an ample lock, and is long enough to carry a side-entrance body. The two cylinders are cast

Photo by *Topical Agency*

General view of Cordingley's Motor Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington

The Oxford and Cambridge Crews at Putney

Photo by] **The Oxford Crew at Putney: Starting** [*Callcott*

R. W. Somers-Smith (Merton) (bow); 2, H. M. Farrer (Balliol); 3, A. H. Hales (Corpus); 4, A. R. Balfour (University); 5, L. E. Jones (Balliol); 6, E. P. Evans (University); 7, A. K. Graham (Balliol); H. C. Bucknall (Merton) (stroke); L. P. Stedall (Merton) (cox)

Photos by *Rouch*

A. H. Hales (No. 3 Oxford)

C. H. S. Taylor (Cambridge stroke) and R. V. Powell (No. 7) embarking

Photo by] **Cambridge Crew at Putney: Starting** [*Rouch*

H. Sanger (Lady Margaret) (bow); 2, W. B. Savory (First Trinity); 3, B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity); 4, P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity); 5, E. P. Wedd (Caius); 6, R. B. Winthrop-Smith (Third Trinity); 7, R. V. Powell (Third Trinity); C. H. S. Taylor (Caius) (stroke); R. Allcard (Third Trinity) (cox)

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A Lady Competitor for the Monaco Cup (April 2): Mme. du Gast in her motor boat, "La Turquoise"

Mme. du Gast, it may be recalled, raced a De Dietrich in the Paris-Vienna race. She is the only lady who has ever driven a high-powered car in a big race

together, the bore and stroke are 100 mm. by 110 mm., and 13 h.-p. is obtained on the brake. The valves are mechanically operated, and the ignition is low-tension magneto. Simplicity and efficiency distinguish the design, and at £300 the car should have a ready sale.

The New Mass Cars

The London Motor Garage Company, who are by now well known as suppliers of genuine De Dion cars at close business prices, exhibited for the first time their new Mass cars. There are four types—an 8 h.-p. tonneau car (fitted with a single-cylinder De Dion engine) at £185, a 10 h.-p. two-cylinder at £275, a 14 h.-p. four-cylinder at £350, and a 18-20 h.-p. Phaeton side-entrance car at £475. I have ridden in the 14 h.-p. car, and can personally vouch for the extreme silence and flexibility of the engine. The cylinders are cast in pairs (bore, 85 mm.; stroke, 110 mm.). The inlet valves are mechanically operated, and are interchangeable with the exhaust valves—all valves are arranged on one side of the engine, and are most accessible. The carburettor has a hot-water jacket and automatic air inlet, and, by a simple arrangement, carburation is so adjusted as to supply an absolutely perfect explosive mixture at all speeds of the engine, and to this feature is principally due the car's elasticity. Those of my readers who want a moderately priced four-cylinder car should take the Tube to Lancaster Gate, and have a trial run on this 14 h.-p. Mass car.

The Motor Union

The annual meeting of the Motor Union took place last week at the Agricultural Hall, and towards the end of the proceedings, one of the members suggested that the subscriptions should be raised, and that the Union should defend, free of charge, any of its members who were unlucky enough to be caught in police traps. The Chairman, in reply, said that his Committee had considered such a scheme, but that at present they saw no practical method of carrying it out.

Prevention is Better than Cure

Police persecution, this year, promises to be fiercer than ever, and the fact that the fines, from one trap alone, near Handcross, totalled in one day over £120, shows that motorists will pay out much good coin in fines before the summer is over. This being so, it seems to me that a society is wanted to collect information with regard to police traps, and to issue due warning to all its subscribers. I am quite aware that such a scheme as I suggest has many difficulties, but I believe that if it was tried first on a small scale a practical method of working could be gradually evolved, and larger operations undertaken.

The popularity of the Argyll motor has been emphasised by the number of applications for shares in the new company. The amount asked for was subscribed twice over, and a feature of the issue was the large number of shares taken up by present owners of Argyll cars.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

WHAT THE YOUTH IN THE STREET READS*

By

PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

Photo by Burrows

Additional interest and authority is lent to Miss Moulder's work on social and industrial matters by the fact that she is writing from personal experience. Starting life as a factory girl, she was so influenced by the wretched conditions under which the work was carried out, as to agitate by the pen, thus building up the great reputation she has made.

Every now and then, we are treated to lectures—gratis, of course—as to what the working classes of the country should read. Perhaps, by way of a change, it will be more interesting to know what they really do read. Newsagents will soon tell you that, among girls, the most popular weeklies are the fashion papers and those containing touching continued love stories. In most of these papers, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, millionaires and merchant princes, are common personages, and hustle one at every turn. The boys go in largely for what are known as Penny Dreadfuls, papers containing tales of thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes, and impossible feats.

Of course, there are many instances where boys of the industrial classes join the free libraries, if only to read fiction. Take an example. A boy of fourteen or fifteen shows a decided liking for reading newspapers and weekly journals. The boy is just at the age when love tales are scoffed at as being all "rot"; he will not read sermons, and stories with a moral are openly flouted. His reading consists mainly of books of travel and adventure, varied with historical romances, and so it happens that Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Kingston, Henty, Ballantyne, Captain Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, Fenimore Cooper, Rudyard Kipling, and Rider Haggard, are among his favourite authors.

The Masses Read for Amusement

A girl of a similar age, or perhaps a year or two older, also displays a taste for reading. She, in her turn, joins the public library, and being rather romantically inclined, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Rosa N. Carey, Annie S. Swan, Rhoda Broughton, Marie Corelli, and "Rita," are her favourite authors. It is, however, only in exceptional cases, that either boys or girls get into deeper literary waters. Poetry is seldom or never read. The only idea of poetry that boys and girls of the working classes possess, is that derived from learning recitations for examinations or school entertainments. Naturally, these are regarded more or less in the light of tasks, and so it follows that, upon leaving school, all the poetry thus acquired is quickly forgotten.

It may be explained in passing, that girls who are engaged in earning their own livings, have really many more excuses for not reading than have the boys. A little consideration concerning the daily routine of the lives of hundreds of girls will soon dispel any sentimental notions which may have hovered around the subject. Picture a general servant, tired out with a long day's washing or cleaning; the factory girl, shut up every day for ten hours in a stuffy atmosphere, and engaged in purely monotonous labour; the seamstress, jaded and worn with her work, and too weary even to think; what inclination or opportunity have such as these for literary pursuits? To preach the doctrine of self-culture to these girls must appear to them very much like needless mockery. The conditions of modern industrial life will have to be greatly altered for the better before progress can be made in this respect. Among the masses, the saying of the great Lord Bacon, that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested," has never disturbed their mental calm, and probably never will. Both sexes, when they do read, read simply for amusement, and this fact must be faced.

The Penny Dreadful

A great deal has been heard during the last few years about boys' literature, and the Penny Dreadfuls have come in for plenty of abuse. I have never seen it stated whether or no the boys of our upper and middle classes read this style of literature, though I strongly suspect that they do when they get the chance, but, at least, I do know that the boys of the working classes are assiduous devourers of what are called Penny Dreadfuls. When I say that, so far as I am able to judge, I cannot see that the majority of boys are any the worse for reading this literature, I know that a large number of the "unco' guid" section of society will be dreadfully shocked. But it is extremely doubtful whether these periodical attacks on Penny Dreadfuls have the slightest effect on the lads themselves, and for this simple reason. Part of a genuine boy's nature is to revel in tales of thrilling adventure, clever invention, and the customs and habits of far-off countries. At a certain age, boys devour this kind of literature in large quantities, and, as a rule, they take the epidemic as inevitably as in earlier years they took measles, mumps, or whooping cough. It is simply talking nonsense to say that working-class parents should overlook their boys' reading, because, never having seen anything of the kind in their own young days, they naturally look upon cheap books as the outcome of Board schools and free education, and whether the boys read Penny Dreadfuls or standard works of fiction, it is all one to the parents.

Not as Bad as it is Painted

How far bad books make bad boys, and good books, good boys, I am not prepared to say, and the truth would be most difficult to ascertain in the

*(Copyright in U.S.A. by the Author)

matter. Some time ago, a terrific onslaught on Penny Dreadfuls brought forth a seasonable protest from a writer of this class of fiction. Strongly combating the argument that the Penny Dreadfuls tend to inflame our youths with a desire for impossible adventures, leading to fame and riches, he said: "I have read every book that an example of boyish depravity has brought to notice, and so far I have been unable to find any incentive to matricide, to dishonesty, or vice of any description. The villain is invariably outwitted, the hero is all honour and bravery, the heroine chaste as the lady in 'Comus.'" Here, I must needs confess that, as far as my own personal experience goes, I heartily agree with this writer. It would, indeed, be hard for the most overdone example of this class of fiction to contain anything more impossible or blood-curdling than the feats of men and women described by well-known and popular writers whose books come under the charitable designation of "standard." Of course, it goes without saying that the fashionable novelist can make his books more attractive to refined readers by grace of style and skill in narrative, but these are qualities which the average boy of the working classes has not learned to appreciate, and, after all, the same elements are there, the elements of excitement, impossible coincidences, thrilling horror, and hairbreadth escapes.

Real and Imaginary Dreadfuls—A Contrast

From time to time, some boy friends have allowed me the honour of glancing through several of their favourite dreadfuls, always on the strict understanding that I returned them intact. The adventures of that heroic character, "Deadwood Dick," are most appalling, and "Frank Reade" invented such truly marvellous machines as would make the cutest Yankee turn green with envy, but when all was said and done, the books contained nothing more remarkable than could be found in the books of Rider Haggard or Jules Verne. What may be termed the lower kind of dreadfuls, assume that to be good is to be a milksop, and that the path of heroism is one that leads occasionally through the prison dock. There is generally a coarse and masterful chivalry towards women. A lad reading these dreadfuls habitually, might, indeed, come to think it a fine and natural thing to seize by force on the person of a girl for whom he had a fancy, but he would not be taught to beat his wife or murder his mother. The lowest kind of dreadfuls are, undoubtedly, the police-court horrors. Real dreadfuls are a great deal worse than imaginary dreadfuls.

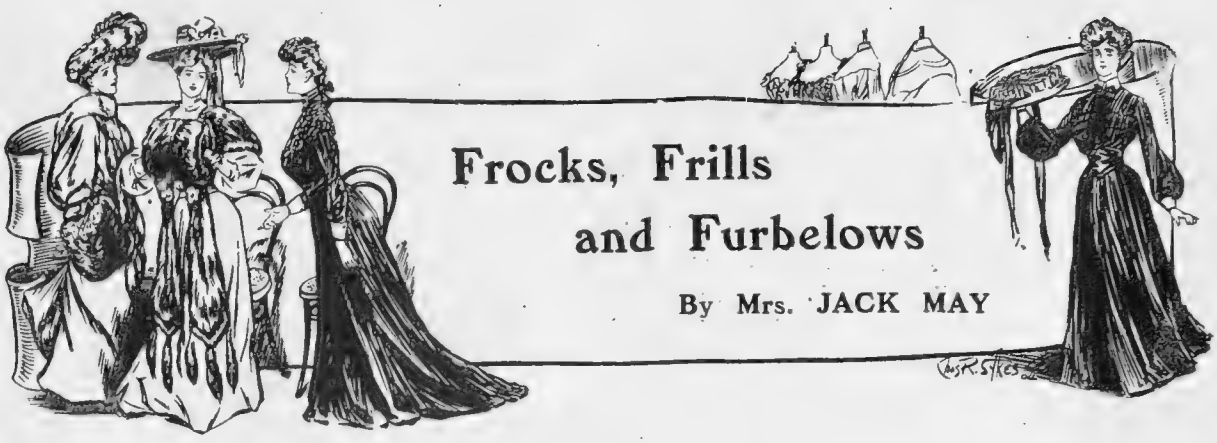
It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to see how very inconsistent some newspapers are in their views of what constitutes good and bad literature. They do their level best, by abusing them roundly, to preach down the writers of Penny Dreadfuls, and, at the same time, gloat over the records of the Divorce and Criminal Courts. Some editors will find space to print details of disgusting and filthy lives, while clean, moral articles are crowded out day after day. Realism may be all very well in moderation, but the grim facts of life should not be retailed to young people in undue proportion. Surely the revelations of the Law Courts are not the most important facts of existence. If I were possessed of half a dozen boys I would rather they read Penny Dreadfuls than some of our daily and evening papers.

The Demand for Clean Reading

At the same time, many well-meaning people are inclined to be pessimistic in their views as to juvenile depravity. They magnify isolated cases, and persuade themselves that the rising generation is going to the dogs at a tremendous rate. In my humble opinion, nothing could be farther from the truth, and if these good people would only look at the bright side as persistently as they look at the dark side, things would soon assume a different aspect toward them. Reformers must use a little common sense in the matter. It cannot reasonably be expected that the reading taste of a working boy or girl can be raised to the platform of elevated literature all at once. It must be brought about by slow degrees.

As before stated, the conditions inseparable from the lives of ordinary working people are all against the development of intellectual tastes in any shape or form, and before reformers can do any good, they must realise this most important fact. Then again, when we look at the enormous circulation of good and cheap books, we may well be filled with hope for the future. The S.P.C.K. have sold over two millions of their penny books, and it is claimed that seven tons of such literature were disposed of in three months. The *Boys' Own Paper* and the *Girls' Own Paper*, issued by the Religious Tract Society, command circulations of from 150,000 to 200,000 a week each, and the same society has disposed of between ten and eleven millions of its Penny Stories and Illustrated Penny Tales for the People, while S. W. Partridge and Company are not very far behind in the good work. Can the publishers of Penny Dreadfuls match these figures? I think not. Then look at the splendid success of Mr. W. T. Stead's Penny Poets! He disposed of over 100,000 weekly of the Penny Poets, and 250,000 of his Penny Popular Novels, while Books for the Bairns had a tremendous circulation. Mind, I do not for one moment imagine that the ordinary working boy is of the type that reads poetry of any kind; still, it shows the tendency in certain quarters when boys and girls are both able and willing to appreciate our master minds in poetry. Again, look at the great demand for the sixpenny editions of standard works of science, history, biography, and romance. It seems to me that the best safeguards for boys against pernicious literature, are plenty of good books equally cheap, and plenty of outdoor exercise. Until recent years, boys living in large towns have not enjoyed the facilities for seeing "Nature's stores unrolled," but now that railway travelling is so cheap, and electric trams so plentiful, and the places of interest to be visited so varied, they are better able to understand the meaning of Wordsworth's poem, in which he speaks of "a beauty born of murmuring sound."

Is it too much to hope that, in days to come, even the children in the streets will realise that "Science, art, and literature, are three guardian angels, but the strongest of the three is literature"?



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

We are promised a very feast of colour this season. But, if it be true that 40 per cent. of women and 70 per cent. of men are colour blind, we may look out for tragedies. A friend—a candid friend, *bien entendu*—remarked to us the other day, "You fashion chroniclers are largely to blame for the discords that so frequently prevail; you write so easily, and casually, and indifferently, about the mingling of blues and pinks, and mauves and greens, without ever taking the trouble to explain that the pinks are soft, shadowy, rather indefinite tones, the blues those of the hydrangea, while the greens, curiously enough, are quite pronounced."

We took the rebuke humbly enough, for Ambrosine and I realised how large a measure of truth there was in it. There is, however, no doubt at all but that the season before us is full of possibilities and pitfalls. It is the hour of the adept, whom the moneyed will do well to employ, while those of us who have to work out our own modistic salvation, will need to bring all our intelligence, and a very appreciable amount of time, to bear on the matter.

There is no blinking the fact, that clothes, to be brought to perfection, require a great deal of thought, your own, but preferably somebody else's brain, being eternally racked to keep everything up to concert pitch. Never within recollection has it been more hopeless to attempt to buy garments in a haphazard fashion—a hat here, a coat there, a frock somewhere else. There must be a settled policy of action, otherwise disaster is inevitable, and, as our candid friend brusquely pointed out, confusion worse confounded will follow any dilatory dabbling in colour schemes this year. Where colour harmonies are concerned, it is imperative we take ourselves very seriously, for the nonce.

A golden tagal straw, with black ostrich feathers

(Sketched at Robinson and Cleaver's)

A Shop That Can Do No Wrong

If there is one shop calculated quickly to focus the attention, and save much weary hunting about on the part of the shopper, it is Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's. Everything there is so eminently of the best, and this, despite the predominant excellence of some of the departments. As, for instance, that one devoted to "the little things" of dress, at the Vere Street entrance. The exhaustive display of not merely the latest, but absolutely exclusive, ideas in cravats, jabots, vests, scarves, garnitures, ribbons, positively defy detailed description. And the uses of the decorative trifle, in distracting the eye from the defects of the more important part of the attire, is never realised more acutely than during the early days of Spring.

Another department demanding our close attention, was the outfitting. Having some private and rather uninteresting matters of our own to attend to there, we were fortunately privileged to have a peep at a fresh consignment of teagowns and *ne ligées*, which quite restored our artistic balance, submerged for the moment by tiresome utilitarian things. And having seen, we promptly annexed a teagown model, which our artist has most faithfully portrayed. This is the very sweetest scheme of pale blue crêpe-de-Chine,

A teagown of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine and lace

(Sketched at Marshall & Snelgrove's)

that almost transparent silky quality, and a new soft, spotted lace, with little lattice work *motifs* of bébe lace insertion.

The back view is charming, and, as the sketch shows, defines the figure closely, with an inserted band of lace, drawn down in a long, becoming line towards the front. Then the lace ruffles to the sleeves are a quite new handkerchief shape, fashioned to fall short on the inside of the arm. Also, of pink crêpe-de-Chine, is a Bridge frock—a glorified teagown, with less suggestion of the *negligée* about it—ornamented with a *treillage* of fine, white lace, and

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bodice and sleeves, all falling frills of white lace, hung with danglements of the pink crêpe. This is quite a sumptuous affair; or, there is a coat of lace destined to a like purpose, mounted over *plissé* white chiffon, and arranged after Louis Quinze style, with straight, cutaway fronts and large pockets.

Such lovely silk petticoats they have, too, at Marshall's. We admired, especially, a Broderie Anglaise, silk, of course, the embroidery forming a deep flounce, while another fascinating fancy carried inserted *motifs* of fine, white Valenciennes lace. The effect of the filmy lace allied to taffeta was as pretty as it was *imprevu*, and all these jupons, we may add, are exceptionally well built, very wide frocks, and flowing at the hem, with plenty of *frou-frou*.

A Dream Realised

Everyone will admit, when they see them, that the tiny-checked voiles are a dream realised, and also may the same thing be said of delaines, since anything more enchanting than the last, at Robinson and Cleaver's, it would be impossible to find. Frankly, until now, Ambrosine and I have not been too deeply enamoured of delaines; the designs were a little too commonplace, and the best quality not altogether above reproach. But now we have nothing but praise, both for patterning and quality, the former including every variety of spot, stripe, and floral fancy, together with some infinitely charming conventional effects, which are really, perhaps, the best taste of all, and fashion the most adorable slips, to wear with that high, linen collar and tiny cravat ordained by the Parisian.

We pause to reflect how many Englishwomen will conform to this last decree; the few only, we suspect. Well, they have our sympathy in fighting shy of a detail that makes neither for comfort nor altogether pleasing effect.

Revenons à nos moutons. Apropos of those materials of the moment at Robinson and Cleaver's, we should just like to say a word of commendation for the linens there, from the very finest weaves, that are really little more than muslins, to those smart, sheer qualities that promise almost a lifetime wear, the selection is unequalled. Then some tiny spot radium silks you should see, so soft, they seem as though they could be pulled through the eye of a needle, and these, most unusual with silk, run 44 in. wide, so that 5*s*., the price asked a yard, cannot be called extravagant.

"What a pretty hat!" Ambrosine exclaimed, as we passed through the millinery department. And it was. A real gem, fashioned of leghorn, quite flat, draped with a soft ribbon in that tender Watteau pink that is all the rage, caught down with ears of gold wheat, and little clusters of forget-me-nots. For the tailor-made hat, the presiding genius here has a distinct penchant for clusters of pheasants' feathers, and she is among the first to exploit a real French sailor, which is prettiest in a shape, covered with a plethora of narrow fine-kilted silk frills. The model illustrated on page 698 is of golden tagal straw, plumed above, and trailed beneath the brim with lovely black ostrich feathers. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's address is 164, Regent Street.

A Little Luncheon Menu

Canapés à la Crême.

Salmon Cutlets. Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.

Fricandeau of Veal, with Spinach.

Rhubarb Mould.

Camembert Cheese. Coffee.

CANAPÉS À LA CRÊME

Cut small rounds of bread, fry them a pale colour, curl some washed and boned anchovies and place on them, and pour over either Devonshire or whipped cream.

SALMON CUTLETS

Take a small piece of cooked salmon, pound it well in a mortar, add to it an equal weight of fine breadcrumbs, and half the weight in butter; mix well together, and season with pepper, salt, cayenne; bind the mixture with the beaten yolks of two eggs, roll it out on a floured board, cut it with a cutter into cutlets, roll them in egg and breadcrumbs; repeat this, so that they are well covered. Fry in boiling fat, drain; serve very hot, with fried parsley in the centre of the dish. Serve maître d'hôtel sauce with this dish.

Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.—2½ oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, half a pint hot water, salt, white pepper, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, lemon juice. Melt 2 oz. butter in a stewpan, add the flour, pepper and salt to taste, then the hot water; stir till it thickens. If too thick, add more hot water. Mix the chopped parsley with the other ½ oz. butter and the lemon juice. Add this to the sauce, stir well over the fire, and serve.

FRICANDEAU OF VEAL

Trim neatly about 3 lb. of fillet of veal, lard it thickly with bacon on one side. Place in a large stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices, to taste; lay the piece of veal in the middle, and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy and put it into a small saucepan, skim off all superfluous fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a small quantity of flour, and let gravy reduce nearly to a glaze, when it can be poured over the meat, and serve with a border of spinach.

Dressed Spinach.—Boil 2 lb. of spinach; when it is well drained, pass it through a fine wire sieve. Put 2 oz. of butter into a saucepan; and when it is melted stir in the spinach. Season it with salt, pepper, a pinch of castor sugar, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream.

RHUBARB MOULD

Cut up two quarts of pink rhubarb in small pieces, put it into a covered jar in the oven with a teacupful of water and 8 oz. of castor sugar. When the juice is extracted, strain, and dissolve in it 1 oz. of soaked gelatine, with the juice of a lemon and the grated rind. Boil for a few minutes, then pour into a mould, and leave till set. Turn out, and serve with whipped cream.

Emilia.

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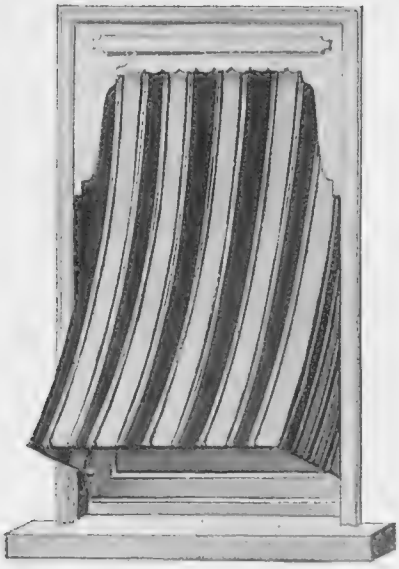

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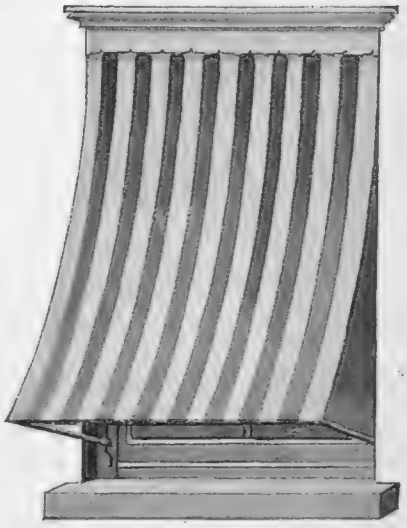

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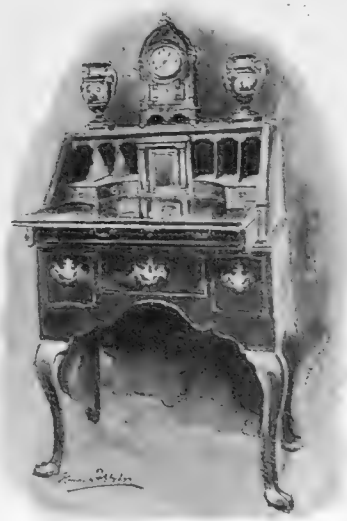

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BRIDGE: Our New Competition

SUBSTANTIAL MONEY PRIZES: FOR DECLARATION ONLY

We have decided, in response to the many requests of our readers, to institute a new Bridge Competition.

I think the new scheme the Editor wishes me to lay before my readers will be popular. It gives every competitor an equal chance Anyone who believes that he or she has discovered the correct solution to the question which appears upon any one week can, of course, compete for that week's prizes, while those who wish also to compete for the quarter's prizes can do so at the same time. The winner of a weekly prize will be debarred from a further weekly prize in this quarter's competition.

The conditions are appended for the guidance of my readers, but it must be understood that in any case of dispute the Editor's decision is final.

THE BYSTANDER'S

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION,

with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.

Prizes:

QUARTERLY Competition—

£10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks.

Other Money Prizes will be added and duly announced as the Competition proceeds, if the number of Competitors warrant it. Therefore, the more persons that enter, the greater the opportunity for winning a Prize.

WEEKLY Competition—

First Prize each week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, comprising a morocco leather box, two packs "BYSTANDER" pneumatic cards, two scoring boards, and book of rules, all by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., value £1 1s. (See page xii, at end.)

What You Have to Do

1. Below, three questions are asked. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem I., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Remember "Brevity is the soul of wit," and the competitor who answers the questions correctly, and gives the reasons as succinctly as possible, will be preferred to the competitor who says the same thing in a long-winded way.

3. Having answered the three questions—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

4. If you wish to enter for the Quarterly Competition, select a *nom de guerre*—not one that everyone else is likely to choose—and write it plainly in the bottom left-hand corner of your solution, with inverted commas to it.

5. A competitor, remember, who has won a prize in the weekly competition is thereby debarred from winning a further prize this quarter, although he or she can, of course, win the Quarterly Prize of Ten Guineas.

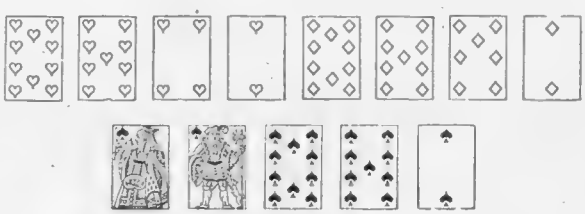
6. Below will be found the first week's three Problems. Give your solutions, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. This first list must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, April 3, addressed to "The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.," and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

7. A competitor may send in as many answers as he or she wishes, but in every case the coupon described in the previous rule must be attached.

8. In our issue of April 12, the list of winners will be published. Marks will also be awarded in the Quarterly Competition to the different competitors under their *noms de guerre.*

PROBLEM I.

SCORE: Love-all.

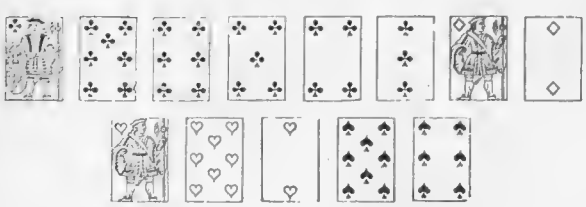


Dealer's Declaration: (1) What do you do, and (2) why.

One final word of suggestion. Bring this competition to the notice of your friends. The more who enter for it, the merrier. By the time the first two week's problems have been answered, we can decide whether we shall be justified, according to the number of entries, in adding to the quarter's prizes. PROBLEMATICUS.

PROBLEM II.

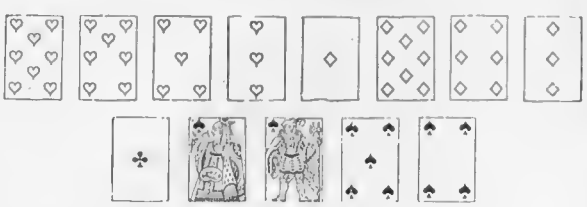
SCORE: 24-all.



Dealer's Declaration: (1) What do you do, and (2) why.

PROBLEM III.

SCORE: Dealer, 16; Adversaries, Love.



Dealer's Declaration: (1) What do you do, and (2) why.

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No. 342—Useful Navy Serge Coat and Skirt, with white collar embroidered Navy design. £1 14 6. For girl of 8. Other sizes in stock.

No. 1195—Pretty Frock in fine Blue-Grey material with tiny check, trimmed Fancy Silk Galon. £2 7 6. For girl of 9. Other sizes in stock.

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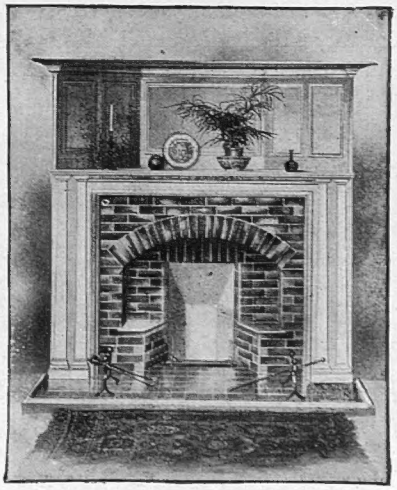

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Johannesburg Depot: 98, FOX STREET.

A Woman's Pocket Book

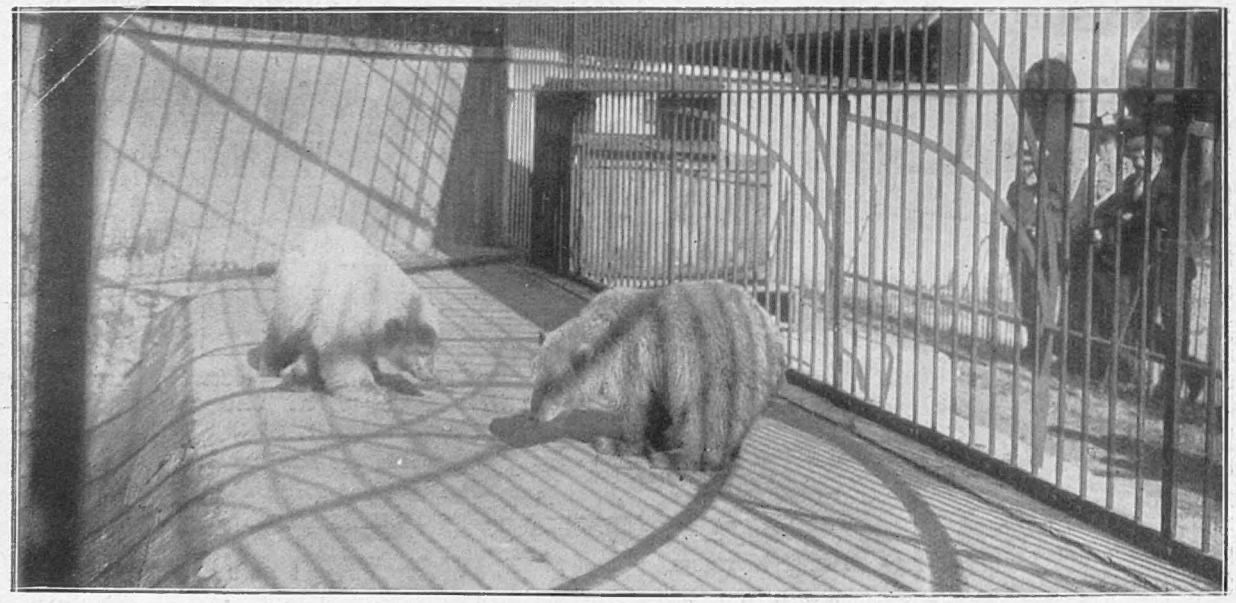
Girls. Pleasant and Unpleasant

In this month's number of *The World and His Wife*, we have an entertaining article upon "The Woman Admired by Men," in which is to be found some valuable hints as to why girls are often such unpleasant things; for nothing *can* be more unpleasant than a girl if she likes. The "superior" girl is greatly condemned; and, surely, justly so. It is a tremendous mistake, from all aspects, to assume superiority; for one thing, when a trait has to be insisted upon with so much force, it is a sure sign it is not really possessed; for another reason, this particular quality is such a nuisance (like playing tennis in a sweeping skirt, under the delusion it is more graceful) to carry about. "Great men," said somebody or other of importance, "are always willing to be little," and if I had a turn of the epigrammatic sort I might add, "superiority is always willing to be ordinary." The most *brutal* kind of hauteur I have ever observed in the superior girl, is her determination not to laugh at other people's jokes. These things are not always funny, we know; but they are always *meant* to be, and it only requires a very little good nature to enjoy them, perhaps, more than they are worth. And the most satisfactory way to laugh, for nothing is such a tell-tale as laughter, is by first being amused. Really, it is not hard to be amused over even the most insignificant things—unless you are *trying* not to be; for if there is nothing particularly witty in the average joke, at least it is so exhilarating, and such all-round good fun, to see people enjoying themselves.

Why the Wives of Literary Men?

A contemporary has been gravely discoursing on "The Wives of Literary Men." I read through the dissertation with care, and I own I did not find any problem solved therein; nor did I expect it; for why, oh! why, write about the wives of literary men at all? If I were to compose an article upon the wives of butchers, or any other trading class, treated collectively, I should expect to receive my manuscript back from the editor, with compliments and thanks, or other polite nothings he was far from feeling—and serve me right. But the one subject is really hardly less foolish than the other, since the wife of talent, or even genius, is likely to have her own individuality as clearly marked as the wife of any other man. Yet talent seems to strike this author as something that is not compatible with mere ordinary humanity; this is a little suggestive of the "sanity of genius," only I should be sorry to discuss that well-worn—nay, threadbare—problem. "If," says the writer, "behind the apparently prosaic relationship of the ordinary, beef-eating, pipe-sucking male and his twittering and tricksy mate, there lurks the savage silence of despair, what must be the secret plight of those who take to their hearts a bride or bridegroom who is already wedded to the most exacting of the Arts." This, it appears to me, is profoundly discouraging for all those contemplating matrimony—whether they be literary or not—but especially is it hard for the literary man to be so clearly distinguished from the rest of mankind. How terrible, if you should happen to have written a play or a poem, to be considered superior to your dinner when you were hungry: how much more terrible for your wife, should she take this view of your case. The process of reasoning by which one arrives at the conclusion that there is any natural antagonism between literature and beef, must ever remain a secret.

LADY PHYLLIS.



The young Polar Bears at the Zoo

When these bears were brought to Regent's Park, a short time ago, they were quite small, but in the few months which have elapsed they have grown wonderfully, and have now almost attained full growth. Their antics are one of the most amusing features of the Gardens, which, with the coming of spring, is beginning to hear children's voices once again

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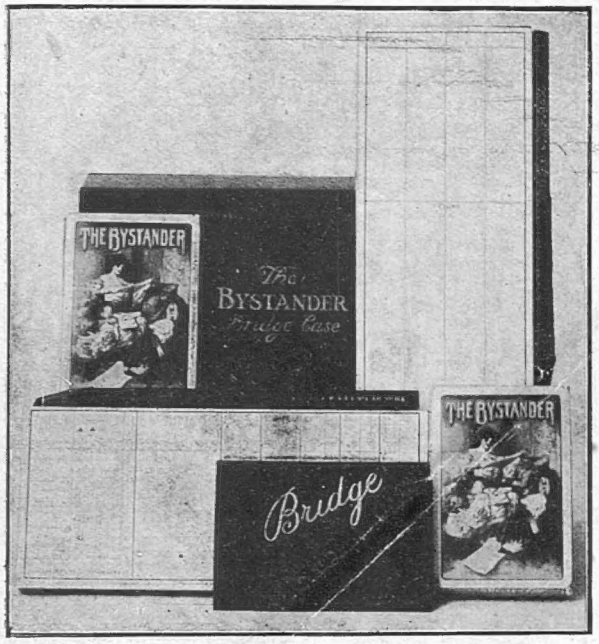
THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Sunday" in the Suburbs

Mr. Louis Calvert, in addition to assisting Mr. Beerbohm Tree in his Shakespearean productions, and acting at His Majesty's and Court Theatres, also finds time to direct several of his own touring companies, one of which, playing Miss Julia Neilson's and Mr. Fred Terry's Comedy Theatre success, *Sunday*, will be seen shortly at the Brixton Theatre, with Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay—daughter of the late Madame Antoinette Sterling—in the title-rôle.

Our Bridge Competition

In this issue commences a Bridge Competition conducted on novel lines, which will be continued weekly for a period of thirteen weeks. The competition is for declaration only, and prizes will be given for the best solution each week. In addition, competitors, who continue their entries throughout the thirteen weeks, will be eligible for a prize of £10 for the best solutions throughout the series. Full particulars, including the hands for the first competition, will be found on page viii.



"The Bystander" Bridge Case

In red morocco and silver mounted, this handsome case contains two packs of Pneumatic Playing Cards, and the usual Bridge markers. Two of these cases are given away each week as prizes in our Bridge Competition, in addition to the money prizes

An Encyclopædia for a Halfpenny a Day

Messrs. Nelson, the publishers of the well-known "New Century Library," are bringing out, in fortnightly parts, a new Encyclopædia, in the compilation of which the services of more than five hundred scholars have been requisitioned. The work is called the "Harmsworth Encyclopædia," and each part is to consist of 160 pages, issued every two weeks, for the modest price of sevenpence. The work is to be fully illustrated throughout. There will be forty parts, which means that, for the sum of £1 3*s.* 4*d.*, an encyclopædia, containing over 6,000 pages of authoritative reference matter, may be purchased, and that, only by apportioning off, for a few months, from one's daily expenditure the small sum of one halfpenny. We have received the first three numbers, which are in every way up to the high standard we expect from a firm with the publishing record of Messrs. Nelson. The reference matter is authoritative and complete, yet concise, and the illustrations are as instructive as they are entertaining.

"The Army and Navy Chronicle"

We have received the third number of the *Army and Navy Chronicle* (New Series), which contains much of interest to those connected with the Services. Its features include "The Army and Navy Month by Month," "General and Personal Intelligence," "Notes on Novelties," and with each number there is given away, as a supplement, a photograph of some well-known officer. A glance at the beginning of the paper will show at what station any regiment or ship may be for the current month, and there is also given a diary of coming events in Naval and Military circles.

The Evolution of the "Swan" Pen

The handsome new headquarters of Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Bard, at 79-80, High Holborn, form a monument to the growth of a business of which the following interesting sketch may be given. About seventeen years ago this firm's gold pens, and their original "Calligraphic" Fountain Pen at 16*s.* 6*d.*, were brought to notice by the opening of a tiny shop in Cheapside. The business here made but small headway for some years, until the original "Swan" Fountain Pen at 10*s.* 6*d.* was invented. The superiority of this article gradually became known, and larger premises were opened at 93, Cheapside. In 1893, a West End branch was opened at 95, Regent Street, and by that time the business had attained considerable importance. The Cheapside establishment was perforce enlarged; branches opened at Manchester, Paris, and Chicago; the parent house in New York removed to larger premises; the factory increased; and so the progress of the firm went steadily onward, until at last the headquarters in London were found wholly inadequate, and now they have been transferred to the handsome new building in High Holborn. Here, those interested will find a roomy, well-adapted shop, with welcome conveniences for customers, who may sit and write notes, cards, glance over papers and weeklies, telephone their friends, and receive every attention and courtesy.

"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT)
BOSTON GARTER
Will not tear or damage the Socks.
In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.
Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
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L. & R. WOODERSON
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To-days mem.
When the dark days set in, you doubtless packed away many articles of apparel. We suggest you look these up to-day. The Blouse or Dress which was so much admired last season, may not look quite so well as you anticipate, or your almost-new costume may be soiled and creased. Your feathers may need cleaning and recurling. Gloves (from 3d. per pair), Laces, and other odds-and-ends could all be made like new by our special processes, and at very small cost.
We clean and dye many things. Gentlemen's Suits (cleaned and tailor-pressed, 4/6), also Nottingham Lace Curtains (9d. per pair), Cretonne Chair and Sofa Covers, Tapestry Table Covers, etc. Our name is a sufficient guarantee for good work. If no Branch in your town, send postcard direct for our new Price List.
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